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For the New-Yorker.

PENSIONERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Break forth, break forth in grateful song,
And bid it swell thy vales along,
Thou pilgrim-planted land!
From fields where ripening harvests bend,
From marts where thronging thousands tend,
Call forth thy tuneful band!

The breeze that curls thy billowy deep,
The songs that o'er thy vallies sweep,
Are fresh with Freedom's breath;
Thy annals boast the great and brave,
Thy star-lit banner tells the wave
Of Liberty or Death.

Rememberest thou those men of prayer
Whose step of toil and eye of care
Explored thy trackless clime?
The pillar of their God was bright,
His cloud by day, his flame by night,
Impelled their course sublime.

Rememberest thou those sires who shed
Their blood upon thy bosom red
When hostile bands were nigh?
With hoary head and nerveless hand,
Faint, 'mid their comrades' graves they stand—
Haste, bless them ere they die! L. H. S.

Hartford, August, 1837.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM;
OR, LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER SCIENCE.

BY E. BURKE FISHER.

Gentle Reader! ere we remove the veil which hides us from thee, one word—Art thou a believer in the new and wonderful discovery which some sage philosophers have made touching a strange connexion between the material and the immaterial—an intimate relationship existing between the mind of thy neighbor and thy power to control thine own movements in the flesh? To come to the point—Dost entertain a belief in Animal Magnetism? If thine answer is affirmative, we bid thee God-speed, for it is to benefit the unbelieving that we write, and not to strengthen the faith of those who are already with us. We come to make disciples—not to lend a staff to those faithful who swallow our doctrines. If, therefore, thou hast any heresy on the subject of Animal Magnetism, allow thine eye to wander along the chapters we lay before thee; and our arm-chair against a place in the stocks, thou wilt be as impressed with its sublime truths as we are at this present writing. So, having made our bow introductory, we open the cause.

CHAPTER I.

Introduces to the reader one who gives some most wise explanations as to the power of Animal Magnetism, and the great benefits that are to accrue from it—A convert.

"Wonderful! truly wonderful!" said Mr. Benjamin Ballast: "why, there are no limits to the grandeur of this new science!—it can lay bare the secrets of the mind, revive the Past, illuminate the Future, laugh at all barriers, and overcome all space!—it is grand, magnificent, sublime!"—and Benjamin Ballast thrust his hands deep in his breeches pockets, and, striding with hasty steps along the apartment, revolved within himself the principles of Animal Magnetism.

"Truly, Benjamin, thine head is crazed with some of thy new discoveries, for here thou hast been walking up and down, as if thy wife was not in the room;" and the usually meek and charitable spouse of the worthy Ballast dropped her knitting upon her footstool, and looked up reproachfully in the face of her excited lord: "what fiddlesticks has thee got in thy head now?"

"Fiddlesticks, Mrs. Ballast! fiddlesticks!—but no matter—she is but a woman, and cannot be expected to know all the great secrets of science." The charitable husband of Rebecca Ballast was appeased by this judicious reflection; and so, drawing a chair, he seated himself by the side of Mrs. Ballast, and revealed what he considered the cardinal principles of the new creed.

"Rebecca, what may we not hope from this thing?" he urged, as he saw the simple-hearted woman wax interested in his discourse; "more powerful than the divining-rod, it can open the recesses of the earth and show where the treasures of the mine are deposited, where runs the hidden stream of the mountains. By it we may send the spirit to the uttermost ends of the globe or soar away to other worlds—dance a fandango with the inhabitants of the Moon, or eat porridge with the epicureans who have their habitations in the sun; the diseases that vex mankind can be revealed; Vice may no longer stalk unpunished,—for a case embarrassing to a bench of judges and a regiment of lawyers can be unravelled in a moment by the aid of Animal Magnetism."

"It is certainly a most wonderful science," answered the companion of Ballast; "it is very grand."

"Grand!" said the enthusiast—"grand! what is the discovery of Fulton, the astronomical trophies of Newton, the world of Columbus, compared to this? Had they never existed, we should know all now; for every thing must be clear as noonday so soon as the mind may be governed in its outgoings and made subservient to the interests of science" Benjamin Ballast was in a fever; he felt that he was identified with the new science, and the discovery of the philosopher's stone could not have added to his happiness.

"But, Benjamin, is thee sure thee can make the theory answer in practice?—thee knows the perpetual motion."

Now Rebecca was of a Quaker family, and had a spicing of suspicion in her temperament. She had known her husband to buy shares in a company for making a railroad over the Straits of Bhering; he had purchased lands in Texas, believed in Maria Monk—and published a newspaper! Can we blame her for her question?

"Perfectly sure of it, Rebecca—perfectly sure. Why, I have seen enough to convert an infidel. I saw a case of magnetism where a lady was put to sleep so soundly, that the magnetizer being suddenly called away and not returning for a week, she slept until his return."

"Amazing!" answered Mrs. Ballast, with uplifted hands, "and thee really beheld this?"

"Nay," continued her worthy husband, "the same lady was put in a magnetic sleep and taken to the moon, (in spirit, I mean,) and explained to us the features, &c. of the inhabitants, their dwellings, the number of cabbages in their gardens, and the size and quality of the fish in the waters of that planet."

"Tut, tut, Benjamin! they were hoaxing thee," incredulously remarked Mrs. Ballast.

"Hoaxing me!" echoed Ballast, "why, I can put you to sleep!"

"But," insisted Mr. B. "how does thee know whether she was not playing upon thy credulity in regard to what she saw in the moon?"

"Why, did I not hear her myself!" rejoinder Mr. B.

"And yet thee has never been there, nor have we any evidence that what she said was correct."

"Well, well," replied Benjamin, who evidently sought to evade this view of the question," if you will remain quiet, I will magnetize you;" and he straightway took the palm of his companion within his own, and regarding her steadily, commenced the process of magnetizing her.

Whether it was the power of the magnetizer, or arose from the fact that this was the hour usually devoted to a siesta by Mrs. Ballast, we know not; but one thing is certain—in one hour the gratified operator was rewarded by a respectable indication on the part of his spouse that she was in the land of dreams.

CHAPTER II.

A few remarks to the unlearned reader by the Author—Two new personages introduced—A family history, &c.

'What is Animal Magnetism?' will doubtless be asked by some who, remote from cities, know nothing of this new spoke in the wheel of science. To satisfy their curiosity, which is in the main natural, we will expound according to the definition given of it by a learned friend of ours:

"It is a peculiar state of the nervous system, during which some unusual physiological phenomena present themselves a state which is ordinarily produced in one individual by the will of another, performing certain manual evolutions for the purpose of causing it to take place."—De Puysegar, who treated upon the subject, says, 'The indispensable, absolute, moral conditions to produce any magnetical effects, are comprehended in the following precepts: A firm will to do good—a strong belief in one's power, and entire confidence in using it.'—*Bosh!* The theory was first introduced by *Thouret*, a distinguished member of the French Academy of Medicine in 1784; but Anthony Mesmer, a German, may be considered its earliest advocate, inasmuch as he separated it from all other interests, and pursued it in a spirit of inquiry and untiring research worthy of a better cause. He explains it as a fluid universally spread. 'It is,' says he, in his work entitled *De Planetarum Influxu*, 'the means of a mutual influence between the heavenly bodies, the earth, and animated beings. It is continued in such a manner as any void cannot take; its subtlety is beyond comparison. It is capable to receive, propagate and communicate all the impressions of motion; the animal body feels the effect of this agent, and it is by insinuating itself into the substance of the nerves that it affects them. Properties similar to those in the loadstone may be recognized in the human body. Poles, likewise various and opposed, are discovered in it. Both the action and virtue of Animal Magnetism can be communicated from one body to another. It is increased, reflected by glasses, communicated, propagated, increased by sound; it can be accumulated, concentrated, conveyed.' He then goes on to show that it can cure diseases, enable the physician to judge of an individual's state of health, &c.

And so having initiated the reader, we will go on with the narrative.

In an apartment of the mansion of our scientific friend Ballast, seated upon a sofa, meditating deeply upon some subject—whether of love, poetry, or metaphysics, we care not to inquire—was a lady, young, pretty, with 'a laughing devil' in her eye, and a throne for Cupid on her lip. The window of her chamber overlooked a landscape of rare loveliness; and the vines that trellised the window, the zephyrs wooing the ringlets that slept upon her brow of Parian whiteness and Niobe-like repose, and the music sent up from the wavelets of the Hudson as they capered like children upon the strand, all combined to give the lady a chance to break the meshes of care, if one so lovely could yet have read a chapter from Sorrow's diary. She had no cause for sorrow, and yet she was sad; and as she rested her palm upon the sill, and looked abroad upon the laughing face of Nature, there was a quiver of the lip and a gem-like tear in her bright eye. The sun was retiring beyond the Palisades, and the linnet, in its cage among the green leaves, was warbling his evening prayer.

"Sweet bird," murmured the fair tenant of this bower of the Graces, "like a dream is your life, and nothing may check thy blithe carol save the passing cloud dimming the sun to whom thy orisons are offered! Pretty warbler, would that I were as free from care as thou art!"—and she leaned over the cage and burst into tears.

A hand was placed upon her snowy arm, and tones well known and loved swept upon her ear: "Nay, Sophy, my own sweet Sophy! what reason hast thou to envy the bird its carol, when, to one at least, thy voice is softer far than the notes of Philomel to the grove-haunting poet?" The maiden bent her blushing cheeks deeper in her hands, as the kneeling youth by her side essayed to catch her glance. "Nonsense, Sophy! an you have not a smile for me after so long an absence, I could wish myself the linnet, that, never part-

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ing from thee, I might never be chilled by an averted look on returning." The youth's tones were impassioned as he spoke, and sounded reproachfully.

Now, Sophy Ballast was a romantic divinity. Her library consisted of the 'Children of the Abbey,' Moore's 'Loves of the Angels,' Byron, &c. Sweet seventeen in years, and squired by a handsome youth, she had certainly cause for thinking herself miserable, and it was long before her suitor could charm her from her melancholy. But what cannot love effect? Sophy Ballast was human, and a short half-hour found her laughing boisterously at some communication which Frank Fairlove was making. What that communication was, will be shown anon; and not to disturb the *tete-a-tete* of the lovers, we will go into a few facts connected with this 'true history.'

Old Ballast was, or had been, an importer of spices and coffee; and retired, after twenty years' devotion to business, with well-lined pockets, very abstract notions of social and refined life, and a natural dislike to any individual who knew more than himself. His wife Rebecca was as antiquated and liberal-hearted as her lord was ignorant and selfish; but as virtue ever exercises a decided superiority over vice, and moral courage predominates over the grovelling instinct, so did the domestic influence of Mrs. Ballast appear in agreeable relief to the churlish demeanor of the respectable and intelligent Benjamin. Under the dominion of this latter individual, the mansion at Beach Grove wore the aspect of a travelling menagerie. Actuated by a laudable desire to be considered a man of taste, he had collected about him rare specimens of the quadruped order; and the unwary stranger who chanced to visit the Grove stood an excellent chance of leaving his skirts in the gripe of some petted Bruin, or having his skull cracked by a missile sent from an overhanging limb—testimonial of the skill of a domesticated baboon. Charlatans of every grade were welcome, but men of genius eyed askance; the viler the humbug, the more warmly received; so that it should not cause astonishment in the breast of the worthy reader that Animal Magnetism flourished in the meridian of Beach Grove.

Sophy Ballast was the only child of this well-matched couple, and had all the virtues of her mother, with none of her sire's selfishness. Young, as we have said, ardent and susceptible, Frank Fairlove had won her ere he wooed; and so instant the victory, that when the besieger appeared before the garrison, Cupid was sent out with powers extraordinary to make an unreserved surrender. But if the maiden was willing, the father was not, for Frank had no funds in the stocks, and his law-books were his only capital in trade.

"It was not business-like," sagely argued Benjamin, "to give an heiress worth half a million in expectation to a fellow who was not worth a dollar."

In a worldly point of view, the old gentleman was correct; and vain were the handsome promises of the amorous Fairlove, the tears of the pretty Sophy, and the mild appeals of Rebecca. Old Ballast was positive, and Frank was sent to Coventry, with a courteous intimation from the papa of his fair one that he kept a mastiff on his grounds.

Frank Fairlove was not one to be defeated without an effort, and as he took up his hat, he muttered—"It is a prize worth a struggle; and mark me, old Hunks, we will meet again at Philippi." Frank stole a look at Sophy—she was in tears; he glanced at the old lady—he read sympathy in her eye; and turning, he glared upon the old autocrat, who grinned defiance. Fairlove gnashed his teeth, wisely said nothing, and bowed himself from the premises.

CHAPTER III.

Further explanations of our subject—Animal Magnetism at a premium—Love's disguises.

We will return again to the apartment into which we first introduced the reader. It is lighted up, and the exemplary Rebecca is arranging the candlesticks upon the mantle, and with duster in hand, glancing her eye over every thing, like a good house-wife, lest there should remain any evidences of carelessness.

Spectacled and bewigged, with an air of conscious importance, Benjamin Ballast, Esquire, paced the room, occasionally addressing a common-place query to his notable spouse, or wondering what could have detained his expected guest. At length a thundering rap, and the door of the apartment swung upon its hinges, giving to view the ludicrously attired person of Professor Snooks, an expounder of Animal Magnetism, and magnetizing animal to Her Majesty Victoria;—at least, his card blazoned forth as much.

Benjamin rose upon his entrance, and the Professor announced himself in a drawling tone, as per card. Mr. Ballast requested him to be seated, expressed his delight, and introduced him to Mrs. B. A long and animated discussion followed, in which Professor Snooks astonished his hearers with a vast display of learning, and perplexed their understanding with much matter, which, as they comprehended not, they concluded must mean something;—which was a very rational conclusion. Among other matters dwelt upon by the Professor, was the singular triumphs of Animal Magnetism achieved at Providence, where many learned men had renounced their infidelity, and now strongly maintained its cause.

"Among others who witnessed these things," remarked Snooks, "was one Frank Faitheart, or Fairlove, who obstinately refused to credit what he saw, and vowed it was an imposition."

"Did he?" said old Ballast. "I know him well, and a more ignorant, conceited upstart lives not."

"*He* said he knew you," said Snooks.

"And what did he say of me?" inquired Benjamin.

"He called you an old bear, and vowed that he had an old grudge against you, which he would pay off soon," was the complimentary rejoinder of Snooks.

"The foul-mouthed scamp!" exclaimed the exasperated Ballast; "the pitiful fellow wished to marry my girl, but I knew him too well. Why, he has not a dollar to pay his barber! Marry an heiress, indeed! Lwish he was here!"

"Humph!" muttered Professor Snooks.

"My dear Benjamin," chimed in Rebecca, "thee knows that the Professor promised to show us some of his experiments; and as Sophia is to be magnetized, would it not be as well to inform her that Mr. Snooks is here?"

"Not to-night, Rebecca, my dear; this fellow Fairlove has put me in a passion; we will wait until to-morrow evening. An old bear, forsooth! I wish he was in the room—I would show him! An old bear, indeed!" and Benjamin Ballast waxed exceedingly indignant.

"This Fairlove came up the Hudson to Newburg with me," said Snooks, "and swore he would marry your daughter within a week, and you should sign the marriage contract yourself."

"Ha! ha!" shouted Benjamin; "Rebecca, is not that capital? 'With my consent!'"

"And he said he would marry her in this very room," continued the Professor.

"Excellent!" cachinated the old gentleman; "we shall see."

"Yes," echoed his guest, "we shall see. Good night, my worthy host. Mrs. Ballast, peace be with thee until to-morrow evening, when I shall show thee and Mr. Ballast some samples of my art;" and he muffled himself up and departed.

"He is a most extraordinary man," remarked old Ballast to his wife, after the Professor had gone; "a most extraordinary man, and as unlike that puppy Fairlove, as Animal Magnetism is unlike a whirlwind. If Sophy would take a liking to such a man, I should not say nay."

Mrs. Ballast cogitated shrewdly, but made no reply, and the worthy pair retired to rest.

CHAPTER IV.

The plot thickens—A singular scene—Ballast outgeneralled, and strange appearance of Fairlove.

The evening following the events recorded in our last chapter found the drawing room of the mansion at Beech Grove again in order for the reception of company.

Besides the owner and his wife, his daughter and some three or four friends were present, invited to witness Professor Snooks' experiments, that gentleman having promised to somnambulize Miss Ballast.

At the hour appointed, Snooks arrived, and after the formula of introduction to the young lady was gone through with, the field was cleared for action and the Professor was about to commence, when a stranger was announced, who apologized for his intrusion, but explained that hearing of his friend Snooks' arrival at Beech Grove, he had called to see him. The Professor named him to the company as his old fellow student, the Rev. Jeremy Ostrander, and the hostess pressed him to take a seat.

In a few minutes after the clergyman's being seated, the Professor, who seemed remarkably jocular, stated that he would make Miss Ballast do any thing that the company wished, whereupon the young ladies begged him to make her go through the marriage ceremony. Mrs. Ballast laughingly added her wish to her young friends', and the old gentleman mirthfully said ditto. Sophy objected, but was outbraved, and so, Mr. Snooks placing her palms within his own, commenced placing her in a magnetic sleep. In less than ten minutes she gave token of the success of the experiment. Her eye lids closed and a seraphic repose stole over her faculties. The Professor stated that the magnetic influence had been completely successful, and that she was utterly unconscious of surrounding objects.

The hostess then arranged the table for the clergyman, who happened fortunately to have a Prayer Book containing the marriage service, and the Professor commanded Miss Ballast to stand up with him before the divine. Two of the ladies officiated as bride's maids, and Benjamin was to give away the lady. To the astonishment of the company, and the admiration of the learned Ballast, his daughter rose from the sofa, and with noiseless step and unmoved features, took her position by the side of Snooks who was to be the bridegroom.

The words were read, the responses given by the magnetized lady with a clearness and precision that added greatly to the marvellings of the spectators, and when the bridegroom was told to kiss the bride, she returned the salute with great unction, for one not cognizant of what was passing. A marriage contract was then drawn up, and the lady having signed it, the old gentleman affixed his signature, and the clergyman witnessed it. Snooks leisurely folded the document, and carefully stowed it in his pocket, and then led the lady to the feet of her papa and bade her kneel with him, and ask his paternal blessing.

"You have it, my children," chuckled Benjamin, "and may you live long and happily in the bonds of holy wedlock."

"Amen," was the sonorous response of the divine.

"It shall be so, dearest," spoke a voice which sounded strangely in the ears of the old gentleman.

"God judge me as I prove to you should sorrow darken the path of our after life," and Snooks wound his arm around the yielding form of the maiden, who certainly never looked less asleep than at this moment.

"Why, what does all this mean?" shouted Ballast, "Who are you? I surely know that voice."

"It is the voice of your son-in-law, the husband of your daughter, Frank Fairlove, at your service."

It was even so, and wig, overall, and Bandanna neckcloth being removed, Frank Fairlove stood revealed to the vision of the astonished Ballast.

"Forgive us, dear father," breathed Sophy, clinging to the arm of her parent. "Indeed, indeed I will never do so again."

"Benjamin," added his faithful wife, "forgive and bless them, my husband; they love each other, and thee would not blame this innocent deception—thee was once young!" and she looked into his eyes with such confiding affection beaming from her own, that the flint emitted a generous flash, and the man of indigo bowed to a generous impulse.

"Well, well, you dog, you have won her fairly, and shall have my blessing, but I am done with Animal Magnetism henceforth and forever."

"And so am not I," replied Fairlove. "The theory may be a humbug, but the practice of it has gained me the heart and hand of her I adore."

"The heart, Frank!" reproachfully interrupted his bride.

"No, not the heart, but the hand, and the consent of my father-in-law."

"But Frank," broke in Benjamin, "you rubbed me hard last night."

"But think of the object, my dear sir," said Frank.

"I do, and though she deceived her old father, she is the best girl in the States, I believe."

"But Benjamin, thee believes to much," remarked the matron, "thee was a believer in animal magnetism!"

"Humph!" said Mr. Benjamin Ballast.

And humph, say we, courteous reader.

For the New-Yorker.

VERSAILLES.

'Twas Autumn—sadly 'plained the wind;
The birds no leafy nook could find
Among the trees—the flowers were gone,
And all the swallow clan had flown:
The day, though beautiful, was sad—
A Summer refluence it had;
And Winter's fierce and chainless gales
Had not profaned thy woods, Versailles!

When last I roamed amid thy bowers,
Each dewy bank was bright with flowers,
And laughing maids with sunny eyes
(As gay as tropic butterflies)
Twined summer wreaths with gentle hand,
And turned each glade to fairy land,
As each by turn Boccaccio's tales
Rehearsed amid thy woods, Versailles.

Then thou wert gay, thou home of Kings,
For Summer waved her thousand wings;
Yet more methinks, I love thee now,
When Autumn gales have robbed each bough;
For the lorn silence of the wood
Better befits thy widowhood,
And Autumn's voice more meetly wails
Thy sunken splendor, proud Versailles!

The hoary-headed seneschal
That led me through each pictured hall,
Is emblem of thy lonely state,
Thou fair demesné of the great!
Thy gilded halls base menials tread,
Which princes high once tenanted;
The fisher's boat now meanly sails
O'er thy once sacred wave, Versailles!

Yet 't is not that wild weeds have crept
O'er thy parterres, still richly kept;
And 't is not that thy palace lone
Stern Time hath writ his doom upon;
For all is fresh and greatly fair,
As when the Bourbons revelled there;
'T is that in less ambitious vales
Now dwell the princes of Versailles.

An Eden bright, without an Eve,
Art thou—and therefore do we grieve;
Thy glades with flowers anew shall shine,
The Past—the fadeless Past—is thine;
But all thy courtly revels gay
Passed with the martyr-king away,
And funeral silence deep prevails
Throughout thy pleasure-bowers, Versailles! W.J.

Paris, 1837.

SKETCH OF MRS. ELLET.

(From Mrs. Hale's Lady's Book.)

In giving the following brief sketch of the literary career of a writer, whose contributions are among the choice things in our 'Book,' we are sure of the sympathy of our readers in the subject. Nor is it merely to gratify their curiosity that we venture these personal and domestic reminiscences. It serves to increase our interest in what we read to know somewhat of the history of the writer. The example of Mrs. Ellet is worthy to be made a study by young ladies; and while they read her productions with pleasure, the contemplation of her character may influence, most beneficially, their own efforts and pursuits.

Elizabeth F. Ellet was born at Sodus, a small town on the shores of Lake Ontario. Her father, the late Dr. Lummis, was a man of learning and good taste; but he lived at a distance from all learned society—even the advantages of a common-school education were, in that retired place, very limited. However, genius does not depend on the schools. Elizabeth was early distinguished for vivacity of intellect and poetical talents; and then she had the good fortune to attract the attention and secure the regard of a congenial mind. It is very fortunate for a woman of genius to find, in the man she loves, a mental guide, worthy of the confidence and companionship of soul which she is always disposed to share with the friend of her heart. And such a friend Miss Lummis found in Doctor William H. Ellet. He married her when she was very young—only about seventeen; and under his tuition she immediately commenced the study of the modern languages. Doctor Ellet was then Professor of Chemistry in Columbia College, New York; and in that city Mrs. Ellet had every advantage she could desire for acquiring information. Her great proficiency not only proves her own superior powers of intellect, but also the superior talents and learning of her husband, who was her only *tutor*. He was himself a sound scholar, and possessed much poetical taste, and he must have enjoyed great satisfaction in the rapid improvement which his wife made under his direction.

In 1833, Mrs. Ellet began to venture her productions before the public. Her first poem was published in the American Ladies' Magazine. We subjoin the poem for the gratification of ingenuous readers, who always delight to see the first openings of the bud which has expanded into a lovely flower:

THE MERMAID'S SONG.

My ocean home—my ocean home!
Far in the dark blue main—
When shall the wearied exile roam
Thy glassy halls again?
Where is the wave that shadows thee,
Haunt of remembered infancy?

Where the broad flag that rests below
In its gem-girdled sleep?
And the yellow fan—and the dulse's glow,
That bloom in the sunless deep?
And the purple rocks?—and the coral grove?
All dear to memory and to love.

They may talk of their heaven of azure light,
And their sphere-wrought harmony,
And the glittering gems of their burning night—
Yet what are these to me?
I hear the deep wild strains that swell
From the sea-green depths of my ocean cell.

Oh, give me back my pearl-lit home
Beneath the billowy main!
And let the wearied exile roam
Her own green halls again!
Oh, let me leave this smiling shore,
For my own shadowy caves once more!

The literary career of Mrs. Ellet has been brief, but thus far very successful. It is only about four years since she was known as a writer, and already her fame is established as a poet of much talent; and her elegant translations from the Italian and French poets have proved her an accomplished scholar in those beautiful languages. The articles on 'Italian and French Literature,' and on the 'Italian and French Poets and Poetry,' which have, at different times, appeared in the American Quarterly, and in the Southern Literary Messenger, are from her pen.

In 1834 was published her translation of 'Eupbemio of Messina,' one of the most admired productions of Silvio Pellico. Since then, she has written two original tragedies, one of which (Teresa Contarini) is printed in her volume of poems, published last year at Philadelphia. This tragedy bears the same impress of pure thoughts, expressed in chaste and beautiful language, which marks all her poetry. There is not much boldness of invention displayed in her productions; but her versification is very correct, and the images and illustrations such as show a heart-warm love for the charms of Nature, and a fancy that has revelled in the beauties of the classic world. The following we consider a fair specimen of her poetry:

THE FOREST TEMPLE.

Lonely, and wild, and vast! Oh, is not here
A temple meet for worship? These tall trees
Stand like encircling columns, each begirt
With the light drapery of the curling vine;
While bending from above, their woven leaves
Like shadowy curtains hang; the trembling light
Steals sparkling through, tinged with an added beauty
Of bright and changeful green. Sweeping their tops,
The low, deep wind comes with a solemn tone,
Like some high organ's music; and the stream,
With rushing wave, makes hallowed symphony.
Is not religion here? Doth not her voice
Speak in those deep-toned murmurs? Ay, not less
'Tis sweetly uttered in the wild bird's note,
That upward, with its hymn of joy and love,
Soars to the clear blue sky. The heaving ground,
Robed in its verdant mantle—the cool spring
That gushes forth its joy, and sends abroad
A radiant blessing to the thirsty earth—
The glowing flowers that throng its mossy brink,
Shedding their perfume to the breezes round—
Are redolent of her. Who, then, would seek
To pour his heart's devotion in a shrine
Less mighty—less majestic? Who would quit
A temple canopied by arching heaven—
Fraught with the melody of heaven's free winds—
Nature his fellow worshipper, to bow
In man's frail sanctuary? Who feels not,
In the low forest depths, at this still hour,
A thrill of holy joy, that lifts the soul
Above the thoughts of earth, and gives it power
Nearer to commune with its kindred heaven?

The critical taste and proficiency in language of Mrs. Ellet we consider very uncommon for a lady. She has a thorough knowledge of the choice writings of the Italian and French scholars, and she has lately added the study of the German language and literature to her many acquisitions. But we are happy to say, that her accomplishments are not confined to the merely literary—in music and drawing she also excels; and in the graces that adorn society, and make the charm of social and domestic intercourse, she is described as being eminently gifted. She now resides at Columbia, S. C. her husband, Dr. Ellet, being chosen to a Professorship in the College at that place. Her fervid and active mind will doubtless find much gratification in the new and rich scenery of the South. Her genius, like the orange blossom, seems to require a sunny clime in which to expand; and from one who has so sedulously explored the riches of Italian poetry, and, at an age when the gay pursuits of youth are usually the engrossing object, established a reputation for critical learning and poetical abilities which would do honor to the scholar of maturer years, we expect, for the future, much that will adorn our nature and elevate our sex. EDITOR.

For the New-Yorker.

ESTRANGEMENT.

'The world has won thee—go thy way,
And drink of Pleasure's cup;
Slowly and sadly have I taught
My heart to give thee up!

Away, then, to the revel—the world has won thee now—
The gay and heartless world to which each thought has learnt to bow;
Thine acts of cold indifference at length have touched my heart,
And thou canst never be again to me what once thou wert.

Forth, then! they wait thee in the dance—go, list to Flattery's voice!
Go, join the giddy multitude, the idol of thy choice;
Yet think not 't will be always thus—O there will come a day
When thou 'lt regret with aching heart what thou hast cast away.

Forth, then! enough that thou art changed—the seal is on thy brow;
Ay, though thou striv'st to veil thy thoughts, I read them even now;
Then go thy way and tempt me not with that bland smile of thine,
I would not dream I had thy love, yet grieve thou hadst not mine.

Away, then, to the revel! I have loved thee far too well,
But now I call each feeling back within my heart to dwell;
Go, bear thy part in Life's gay scene—it is thy destiny;
I will not grieve while thou art thus I am estranged from thee!

Illinois, Aug. 1837. STELLA.

MRS. HEMANS.

Felicia Hemans was from her youth a poetess—from her birth consecrated and set apart for the sacred office. A wild and sequestered home instructed her youthful fancy with a power of teaching beyond the labors of art. She is a poet without Aristotle or Longinus, as every one is whose poetry is good for anything. Criticism is no more able to make or teach a poet, than Newton to construct or reform the world he interpreted and annalyzed. She loved all lovely places—the valleys and the majestic sea; and peopled her little Welsh dells with a populace of dreams. They tell us she was beautiful and playful as a Peri; a restless little thief who stole hearts for sport, but knew not how to break them! When we first saw her she was a different being. A union of social vivacity and serene matronhood had made her, indeed, the perfection of the agreeable; but who had ever studied the volume of human countenances, could mistake the slight but perceptible trace across the brow, where, too surely, care had passed and left his wake behind him. By that time, almost alone in the world, (for admiration is not love, and cannot mimic it!) she had toiled and striven; wasted for purposes of poor necessity that radiant lamp and hallowed oil, which should have gleamed aloft in days of high antique festival, or been devoted to the embalming of kings for immortality! The beautiful chivalry of heart, (for she was in truth a lady of the olden time,) had long deserted the field of hope, and turned its course upon those of imagination alone. The poetry had left the life and taken refuge in the books. Her dreams were now over the desk; they were once the unchecked phantoms of her inmost spirit. Poor Felicia! she had lived in the world by this time.

But that was a bright girlhood in the Cambrian hills!—The little maiden happy, she knew not whence nor why, learned from nursing nature the alphabet of her future art. Doubtless, and it is an interesting speculation, the first of all the developements of the poetical life in the soul, is—the peculiar love of solitude. This begins the history. The little wanderer, though kindly affectionate, sensitive to reproach, and alive to encouragement, yet somehow in the hours of play finds himself continually alone. He cannot tell how it is, but the common variations of toy and sport have no stimulus for his fancy. He wearies of them soon, or connects them with some imaginary history, and in the depths of the grove is soon found babbling some little romance, in which the Stagyrite would be puzzled to find begining, middle, or end; some strange portentous history in which, if his reading lie among the fairy tales, knights and enchanters, giants and griffins, are the invariable dramatis personæ.

* * * * * *

In this pretty independency, this gentle self sufficiency which loves yet lives apart, our young Felicia dwelt. She read and worshipped Shakspeare!

* * * * * *

In the midst of nature and the poets she grew apace.

With her sighs came forth her genius. Her sadness called upon the muse for expression; and the tears as they fell, crystallized into pearls of poesie. And now began that long series which, filling several volumes, and finding a chosen place in every perfect library, have made the name of Hemans known wherever the language of her birth is modulated by female lips. The history of the succession may be found succinctly given in the biographical sketch of Chorley before referred to; our agreement with whose opinions now becomes so delightfully cordial that they seem the very echoes of our own, a sort of mental double like that of a German romance. Her poetry at first assumed the classical and superb mould; a

graceful stateliness and resounding music. "The restoration of the works of Art to Italy,' is an example. It is like the prize poem of a poet (a really scarce commodity,) bright with subdued enthusiasm and gentle daring. The work seems to have caught the tone of its subject, and in describing statues has the exact and chiselled symmetry of a statue. It is a poem to sit on the same shelf with Heber's Palestine, and the other *chief d' œuvres* of that graceful class—a class, which, though they are not indeed formed ever to set our brains distracted, or our hearts on fire, yet do supply a very pleasant flow of thought in music. Byron requires a sedative to cool the imagination—Wordsworth a stimulant to spice it; these intermediaries, without making us often, (it is true) remember their existence, yet leave us without any sense of deficiency, and are in themselves very complete and independent specimens of fine verse-writing. If they *have* not very much, they *want* nothing; if they seldom fly, they never sink. If you wish to set before your son (a promising boy) such an example of poesy as he could scarcely *go wrong* in copying, you would select one of them. They are, as it were, the abstract idea of poetry, the one model in which all agree, and from which all set out—which genius individualizes by additions of a thousand different kinds, according to its thousand varieties, but which it still respects as a fixed and stable landmark in the art from which no man will wisely be *very far* distant. Such are these accurate compositions, elegant, correct, and chaste; which no one who despises, and no one who does not surpass, will ever be a great and finished poet.

Felicia Hemans rapidly left them behind. Her genius soon peculiarized itself. She could no more have continued in this methodical school than the wild bird of spring could be taught to fly in a geometrical curve. The 'Tales and Historic Scenes,' which, as our text informs us, appeared in 1819, first manifested her strength of wing and direction of course. In good sooth, a bird of rare beauty!—at once bold and gentle; now

'As confident as is the falcon's flight;'

and in her milder mood,

'Anon as patient as a female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed.'

Tender and enthusiastic, she fed her heart upon all things noble, and would tolerate no others as the aliment of imagination. She created for herself a world of high souled men and women, whose love had no outward glitter—no surface-sparkle, but a deep, overmastering stream, strong, steady, and unbroken. Her men and women would have been but poor hands at driving a bargain, and knew nothing at all of politica' economy. Alas! the *men* were made to hold high feast on days of victory—to lead the resolute chivalry of freedom—to consecrate banners in ancient churches, solemnized with rich evening light—to scale the walls of cities, or defend them—to strike with courage—to endure with fortitude. The *women*, to sing hymns of pensive worship—to sit in antique bowers, with open missals and attendant maidens—to receive at castle gates the true-hearted and brave—to rush among the spears, and receive the wound meant for a sterner heart—to clasp the infant snatched from peril at the risk of life—to bear uncomplaining agonies—and, above all, to wait long, long days for the deceiver who will not return; to know the deadly sickness of a fading hope, and at last to dedicate a broken heart to him who has crushed it! These are the people and the achievements of her pages;—here is the foundation and principle of her inspirations: honor deepened and sanctified by religion. Dublin Magazine.

GENIUS WORKING FOR HIRE—REV. ROBERT HALL.—It is perhaps impossible for great genius to work expressedly and avowedly for hire without being haunted or injured by that happy consciousness. Of this we have many examples in the history of literature; and if the bargain is strictly, that so much shall be paid for so much done; if the work is to be paid by the piece, and measured by the yard, it is impossible it should be otherwise. It becomes unpleasant to erase; for, alas! each erasure may be the loss of sixpence; it is true, this or that redundancy, this or that superfluous epithet might be spared with advantage; but then it serves to swell the bulk, and bulk is every thing! Though they would never be missed by the reader, they might be a guinea out of the pocket of the writer! We remember being much entertained some time ago by an anecdote related of Robert Hall. It will serve to illustrate this subject, and to show his views and feelings with regard to this sort of contract-writing. A certain gentleman went to Leicester, or Bristol, (we forget which, on purpose to treat with Mr. Hall for a volume of sermons. He offered him a thousand guineas for ten sermons; no bad pay! Robert Hall, with his characteristic simplicity, told his visitor, that if he were to pay any such sum for such a quantity of matter, he would find that he had egregiously defrauded himself. His visitor reminded him that he had generally been considered a tolerably shrewd man of business, and that he might be safely trusted to look after his own interest. He again pressed his offer, upon which Mr. Hall said, that if there were no other obstacle in the way of his accepting the proposals, the mere business-like character of the transaction the bare naked form in which pecuniary remuneration was mixed up with it, would form an objection quite insuperable; that it would render the composition insupportable; and transform an occupation which ought to be spontaneous, and therefore delightful, into intolerable drudgery. "A thousand guineas, Sir!" said Robert Hall, "I should soon begin to calculate how much it was for each sermon; then I should get down to a page, and from pages to paragraphs and sentences, and at last to words and syllables; should think every word clear gain, and become impatient of erasure and correction. Sir, it is impossible that I should do it." This is, probably, a more minute calculation than is often entered into, except amongst those who are technically called *penny-a-liners*, some of whom, we verily believe, could almost tell what fraction of a farthing each stroke of their pen brings them in! Eclectic Review.

For the New-Yorker.

THE PLAY-GROUND REVISITED.

BY REV. J. H. CLINCH.

ANOTHER tree—and yet the same
Round which in boyhood's hour I played,
Witness of many an anxious game
Contested in its giant shade;
Beneath *this* branch the ring was made—
Here was the line for 'knuckling down'—
On yonder gnarly root were laid
Superfluous jackets, blue and brown,
And caps that on each curly crown
Were seldom seen, save when we went
Sworded and feathered through the town,
On deeds of desperate knighthood bent:
And when, with Pleasure's labor spent,
Brief rest we sought in Summer's heat,
Yon shady bench its refuge lent;
E'en now upon its mouldering seat,
With feelings deep and strangely sweet,
Full many a well-remembered name
In rudest letters carved, I greet;
We yearn—how early—after Fame!
Alas, of all who joined our game
When those young names were graved, how few
Since have I seen, or now may claim
Our boyish friendships to renew.
O'er some of that once merry crew
The grave has closed—o'er some the sea—
Some to their homes have bade adieu
For years—perchance eternally;
And some who stood around that tree,
Happy with childhood's careless play,
From vice and sensual influence free,
Have cast their innocence away—
In vain pursuits grown early grey—
In look deformed, in soul and mind
Degraded by the sins that prey
Upon the vitals of mankind.
O, would they cast a look behind,
To this old tree, and think how fair,
From Guilt's dark influence disentwined,
Their hours of early boyhood were;
Perchance they yet might breathe a prayer
To be from Folly free again—
To fly from Pleasure's dangerous snare,
And break the links of Passion's chain.
O, joy is ever mixed with pain
In this strange world: I cannot think
Of those who joined our merry train
In former years, but I must shrink
From following Memory's golden link
When to the lost my mind it leads;
I came to this old well to drink
Refreshing draughts, and lo, the seeds
Of bitter memories grow to weeds
Upon its waters. Yet the spring
Is not *all* filled with slimy reeds—
Flowers of rich hues and odors cling
Around its marge, and they shall fling
Pleasure so sweet upon my sense,
That the fond thoughts and hopes they bring
Shall drive all painful visions thence.

Dorchester, Mass.

STATISTICS OF LITERATURE—The subjoined facts relative to the book market in London, whence we derive our literature, are very consolatory and encouraging to bookmakers!

"It is calculated that out of every fifteen books published, taking them on an average, not more than one pays its own expenses. The Edinburg Review proved to demonstration, some years ago, that only one out of every fifty pamphlets which make their appearance, pay the expenses of paper, print, stitching and advertising. Only one book, on an average, out of about 200, reaches a second edition. Out of 500 books, not more than one gets to a third edition; and out of 1000, only one has the good fortune to reach a fourth edition."

THERISINE.

WE parted: love in either breast was warm;
I swore for ever to remember thee;
Absence could not efface once matchless charm
Of thine, impress'd upon my memory;
But sorrow, sickness and calamity,
Have made me seem most strange when still most true,
As sombre clouds shut out heaven's purity,
But though they hide, change not its azure hue,
Which shines the same when from its face they roll;
And such has been to thee my sometime saddened soul.

I've had the feeling of what 'tis to die,
When I have fancied thou wert lost forever;
And my ambition, which empierced the sky,
(But for thy sake who made my spirit's fever,)
Became extinct when ruthless fate did sever
Me from thy eyes Promethean which ignited
Ambition's torch and Love's—but *that* can never
Pass from the breast which once its flame hath lighted;
For sad despair, which is Ambition's death,
Enkindles love more fierce with its empoisoned breath.

Oh Love! thou art a subtle mystery;
The heart that owns thee oft itself doth sting,
That that it dearly dotes on may not be
Dark with the grief of its own sorrowing.
This was my fault—my fond soul could not bring
Its sorrow to thy soul: had it owned joy,
It would have sent it thee on thought's swift wing;
It gave thee all its ore—not its alloy:
I deemed it better thou shouldst think me dead,
Than on thy joyous heart my sorrow should be shed.

And now I reap the fruit of my regard:
We've met—would I had died indeed ere this;
Coldness is hell to breasts like mine endeared,
Unto which hate itself was thrilling bliss;
'T is torture keener than a scorpion's kiss.
Oh, Therisine! I swear, by each fond token
Of early love, that look hath more distress
In my true breast than fate's worst evils broken—
To think this heart, that bore so much for thee,
To save thy soul a pang, so much misjudged should be.

—New-Orleans Commercial Herald.

Passages from the Diary of a late London Physician.

THE LAST CHAPTER.

THE DESTROYER.

FAIR and innocent readers! how many, many thousands of you will read this narrative with beating and indignant hearts! Shrink not from its sad—its faithful details; consider them, if it be not presumptuously spoken, in somewhat of that spirit in which you ponder the mournful history of Eve and Eden—of her, our first mother, who, listening to the serpent tempter, was ignominiously thrust out of her bright abode, degraded from her blessed estate, and entailed innumerable ills upon her hapless progeny!

With kindly and fervent feeling, my conscience bearing testimony to the purity of my intentions, have I drawn up, and now thus commend to you—to readers, indeed, of both sexes, and of all classes of society, but those especially who move amidst the scenes from which its incidents have been taken—this narrative, the *last Passage from the Diary of a late Physician;*—of him who, having been long acquainted with you, now bids you farewell; and could his eye detect among you one whose trembling foot was uplifted to deviate from the path of honor and of virtue, he would whisper, amid his reluctant adieus—BEWARE!

Mrs. St. Helen, a young, a fond, a beautiful mother, having one morning in June 18— observed a faint flush on the forehead of her infant son—her first-born and only child, and ascertained from the nursery-maid that he had been rather restless during the night, persuaded herself and her husband that matters were serious enough to require immediate aid from London. The worthy Colonel, therefore, ordered his phæton to be at the door by ten o'clock; and having been scarcely allowed by his anxious wife to swallow a cup of coffee and finish his egg, presently jumped into his vehicle, and dashed off almost as rapidly as Mrs. St. Helen, who remained standing on the steps, could have wished. Though the distance was nearly nine miles, he reached my house by a little after eleven, and was at once shown into my room, where I was arranging my daily visits. It seemed clear, from his hurried statement, that his little son and heir was about to encounter the perils of scarlet fever or measles, at the very least; and such were his importunities, that though I had several engagements for the early part of the day, I was induced, at his suggestion, to put two backs to my carriage, and drive down to Densleigh Grange, accompanied by the Colonel, who ordered his servant to remain in town till the horses had rested.

This was the first time that my professional services had been required in Colonel St. Helen's family; in fact, I had never been at Densleigh, though previous to her marriage I had been rather intimately acquainted with Mrs. St. Helen. We had never once met since the day of her marriage, three years ago. When I last saw her—upon that happy occasion—I thought her certainly one of the loveliest young women the eye could look upon. I really think her person and manners were the most fascinating I ever witnessed. When I first saw her she was only seventeen, and dressed in the deepest mourning; for her father, the Hon. Mr. Annesley, a beneficed

clergyman in the West of England, had recently died, leaving her to the care of his brother, the Earl of Hetheringham, whose family I was then attending. Her mother had died about a year after giving birth to this her first and only child; and her father had left nothing behind him but his daughter and his debts. The former he bequeathed, as I have already intimated, to his brother, who accepted the charge with a very ungracious air. He was a cold, proud man—qualities, however, in which his Countess excelled him; by no means rich, except in children, of whom he had three sons and five daughters, who instantly recognised in their beautiful cousin a most formidable competitor for the notice of society. And they were right. The form of her features was worthy of the rich commingled expression of sweetness, spirit, and intellect that beamed in them. What passion shone out of her dark blue eyes! Her figure, too, was well-proportioned and graceful, just budding out into womanhood. She was sitting, when I first saw her, at a little rosewood table, near the Countess, in her boudoir; one hand hung down with a pen in it, while the other supported her forehead, from which her fingers were pressing aside her auburn hair—evidently in a musing mood, which my sudden entrance through the door, already standing wide open, put an end to.

"You need not go," said the Countess, coldly, seeing her hastily preparing to shut up her little desk. "My niece—Miss Annesley, Doctor."

I knew the Countess—her character and circumstances, well. This exquisite girl her niece, and she with five daughters to dispose of! Miss Annesley, after slightly acknowledging my salutation, resumed her seat and her pen. I could hardly keep my eyes away from her. If she looks *so* lovely now, in spite of this gloomy dress, thought I, what must she be when she resumes the garb of youthful gaiety and elegance? Ah, Countess, you may well tremble for your daughters if this girl is to appear among them.

"You see, Doctor," continued the Countess, in a matter-of-fact manner, while these thoughts glanced across my mind, "we are all thrown into sables through the death of the Earl's brother, Mr. Annesley!"

"Indeed!" I interrupted, with a look of sympathy toward her niece, who spread her hand over her eyes, while the pen that was in the other slightly quivered.

"This young lady is, in fact, all my poor brother-in-law left behind him; and," adding in a lower tone, "she now forms one of our *little* family!"

I felt infinitely hurt at the scarce concealed sneer with which she uttered the word 'little.' Poor Miss Annesley, I feared, had perceived it; for, after evidently struggling ineffectually to conceal her emotions, she rose and stepped abruptly toward the door.

"You'll find your cousins in the drawing-room, love; go and sit with them," said the Countess, endeavoring to speak affectionately. "Poor thing!" she continued, as soon as Miss Annesley had closed the door, after which I fancied I heard her run rapidly up stairs—doubtless to weep alone in her own room; "her father hasn't been dead more than a fortnight, and she feels it acutely. Shockingly involved, my dear Doctor—over head and ears in debt! You've no idea how it annoys the Earl. My niece is penniless! Leterally, we were obliged to provide the poor thing with mourning! I insisted on the Earl's making her one of our family;"—a great falsehood, as I subsequently discovered, for she had suggested and urged sending her to a nunnery, which, however inclined to do, he dared not for appearances' sake. "She'll be a companion for my younger daughters, though she's quite countrified at present—don't you think so?"

"Pardon me, my dear Countess—she struck me as extremely elegant and beautiful," I answered, with sufficient want of tact.

"Rather pretty certainly; she's only seventeen, poor thing!" drawled the Countess, immediately changing the subject.

I could not help feeling much interest in the poor girl, thrust thus, in the first agonies of her grievous bereavement, into a soil and atmosphere ungenial and even noxious—into a family that at once disliked and dreaded her. What a life seemed before her! But, I reflected, the conflict may be painful—it cannot be long. Lady Hetheringham cannot utterly exclude her niece from society, and *there*, once seen, she must triumph. And so, indeed, it happened; for in less than six months after the period of her arrival at her uncle's, she began to go out freely into society with his family—it having been considered by her prudent and affectionate relatives, that the sooner this young creature could be got off their hands the better. The Earl and his Countess, indeed, began to feel some apprehension now and then lest one of their niece's *male* cousins—the eldest, possibly, might feel rather more attached to her than mere relationship required. She was directed, therefore, to apply herself diligently to the completion of her education, in which she had already made rapid progress, which, together with her natural talents, soon rendered her independent of the fashionable instructors who taught her cousins. Miss Annesley was, in truth, a creature of much enthusiasm of character, of a generous and confiding nature, a sanguine temperament, and fond, withal, of admiration;—as who is not, of either sex? She felt in her element in the glittering society in which she now incessantly appeared, or rather into which she was forced. She breathed freely, for glorious was the contrast it afforded to the chilling, withering restraint and coldness that ever awaited her at her uncle's. *There* she but too sorrowfully felt herself an intruder—that her aunt and uncle were stirring heaven and earth to get rid of her. Many a bitter hour did she pass alone when she reflected upon this, and saw no course open to her but to second the exertions of her heartless relatives, and be emancipated from her thraldom by almost any one who chose to make the attempt. Her anxieties on this score laid her open to the imputation of being little more than a brilliant flirt or coquette—than which certainly nothing could be more distant from the wishes or repugnant to the feelings of poor Miss Annesley. She saw that her uncle and aunt would have encouraged the advances of any one that seemed likely to propose for a beautiful but penniless orphan, and was almost disposed to gratify them. What sort of life would not be preferable to that of her present bitter dependence? Alas, how generous—how noble a heart was thus endangered, if not even directly betrayed, by those whose sacred duty it was—whose pride and delight it should have been, to regard and cherish it! However pure, however high minded, a girl of Miss Annesley's youth and inexperience—of her eager and fervent temper and character, could not but be exposed to imminent danger when thrust thus into such scenes as are afforded by the fashionable society of the metropolis. Poor Emma! No eye of zealous and vigilant affection followed her, when wandering through the dazzling mazes of dissipation and of danger. Anxious, however, as were Lord and Lady Hetheringham to get rid of their lovely charge, their efforts were unsuccessful. Two seasons passed over, and their niece, though the admired of all beholders, utterly eclipsing her impatient and envious cousins, seemed unlikely to form an alliance, whether owing to the incessant and widely-propagated sneers and injurious falsehoods of her five rivals, the ill-disguised coldness and dislike of the Earl and Countess, or, above all, her want of fortune. Many who admired her, and felt disposed to pay her decisive attentions, were deterred by the fear that a young woman of her family, station, beauty and accomplishments, was an object placed far beyond their reach; while others sighed—

'Sighed and looked, sighed and looked, and sighed again;'

and feared that if she brought her husband no fortune, she nevertheless was perfectly able and disposed to spend *his*.—Conquests, in the ordinary phrase she made innumerable, and was several times mentioned in the newspapers as "likely to be led to the Hymeneal altar" by Lord ——, Sir ——, the Honourable Mr. ——, and so forth. As far, indeed, as appearances went, there was some ground for each of these rumours. Miss Annesley had many followers, most of whom were sufficiently gratified by having their names associated in the fashionable rumor with that of so distinguished a beauty. The only one, however, of all these triflers who ever established any thing like an interest in her heart, was the elegant and well known Alverley; a man whose fascinating appearance and manners soon distanced the pretensions of all those who aimed at an object he had selected. Alverley was, when he chose, irresistible. He could inspire the woman he sought with a conviction that he loved her passionately, throwing a fervor and devotion into his manner, which few, very few women, and no young woman could resist. Poor Miss Annesley fancied that this envied prize was hers; and that he was destined to be led a 'graceful captive at her chariot wheels;' that he was the gallant knight who was to deliver her from bondage. Here, too, however, she was destined to meet with disappointment; the distinguished Alverley disappeared from among her admirers quite suddenly; the fact being, that in a confidential conversation with one of her cousins, in a quadrille, he had become satisfied that it was undesirable for him to prosecute farther his disinterested attentions in *that* quarter. Miss Annesley felt his defection more keenly than that of any other of her transient admirers. Her eager feelings, her inexperienced heart, would not permit her to see how utterly unworthy was one who could act thus, of even a moment's regret. Alas! her high spirit had not fair play!—His graceful person, his handsome and expressive features, his fascinating manners, could not be easily banished from her young heart; and her grief and mortification were but little assuaged, however perhaps her wounded pride might be soothed, by the intimation Alverley contrived to have conveyed to her, from several quarters, that her regrets fell infinitely short of the poignancy of his own, in being compelled by others, on whom his all depended, to abandon the dearest hopes he had ever cherished.

Thus it was that Miss Annesley and her heartless relations beheld two seasons pass away without any prospect of their being permanently released from one another's presence and society; an infinite gratification did the poor girl experience in being invited to spend the autumn of 18— with a distant relative of Lady Hetheringham's in a remote part of England. This lady was the widow of a General Officer, and during her stay in town that season had formed an attachment towards Miss Annesley, whose painful situation in the Earl's family she soon perceived and compassionated; therefore it was that her invitation had been given, and she felt delighted at securing the society of her young and brilliant guest during the tedious autumn and winter months.

Miss Annesley proved herself to be possessed of a warm and affectionate heart in addition to beauty and accomplishments, and every day increased the attachment between them. These six months were the happiest Miss Annesley had ever known. Before returning to town, an event she dreaded, a very eligible offer of marriage was made to her by a relative of her hostess who happened to be quartered with his regiment in her immediate neighborhood, Major St. Helen. He was an amiable, high-spirited man, of excellent family, in easy circumstances, and with considerable expectations. His features, though not handsome, were manly and expressive; his figure was tall and commanding, his manners frank, his disposition affectionate; his suit was supported by Miss Annesley's kind hostess and before returning to town he gained the promise of her hand. The more, indeed, she knew of him, and learnt of his character, the more confidently she committed herself to him; she became sincerely attached to him, who loved her so evidently with fervor and enthusiasm. In about a twelvemonth's time she was married to him—in her twentieth year, he being about ten years her senior—from the Earl of Hetheringham's. I was present, and never saw a lovelier bride; how distinctly, even at this distance of time, is her figure before my mind's eye! As her uncle, who felt as if a thorn had been at length plucked out of his side, led her down to the travelling carriage that was in readiness to convey them away, I was one of the last to whisper a hasty benison into the ear of the trembling, blushing girl. Gracious Heaven! could either of us at that moment have lifted the veil of futurity, and foreseen her becoming the subject of this last and dreadful passage from my Diary!

About three years afterwards was born the little patient I was now on my way to visit. During this considerable interval I had almost lost sight of them for Major, since become Colonel St. Helen, after a year's travel on the Continent, purchased the delightful residence to which we were now so hastily driving, and where their little son and heir was born. Here they lived in delightful retirement—only occasionally, and for very short periods, visiting the metropolis; the chief reason being Mrs. St. Helen's reluctance to renew her intercourse with Lord and Lady Hetheringham, or any member of their family. It was evident, from our conversation as we drove down, that their attachment towards each other continued unabated. The only drawback upon their happiness was a fear that he might be, ere long, summoned upon foreign service. When within about a mile of Densleigh, our conversation as if by common consent, dropped—and we leaned back in the corners of the carriage in silence; he, doubtless occupied with anxieties about his little son, and the probable state of matters he should meet on reaching home; I sinking into a reverie upon past times. I was anxious to see again one in whom I had formerly felt such interest—and felt happy at her good fortune, not only in escaping the dangers to which she had been exposed, but in making so happy a marriage.

"Heaven!" exclaimed the Colonel, who had been for the last few minutes incessantly putting his head out of the window—look—there they are"—his keen eye had discovered two female figures standing at the outer gate opening upon the high road—"Drive on, coachman, for God's sake!"

"Don't alarm yourself, Colonel"—said I; adding, as we drew near enough to distinguish one of the figures pushing open the gate, and stepping into the road towards us—"for one of them can be no other than Mrs. St. Helen; and the other is her maid, with my little patient in her arms—positively! Ha, ha, Colonel! That looks very much like the scarlet fever or measles!"

"Certainly you are right," replied the Colonel, with a sigh that seemed to let off all his anxiety. "That is my wife, indeed—and the child, there can be no mistake—but how can they think of venturing out till, at all events, they are"——

Though I was at that moment rather vexed at having come so far, at such inconvenience, too, I soon made up my mind to it, and felt glad of the opportunity of seeing how beautiful Miss Annesley would show in the character of Mrs. St. Helen—a mother.

"You must give these beasts a little refreshment, Colonel, before I can take them back, and me a little luncheon," said I with a smile, looking at my watch.

"Certainly—oh, of course!" Forgive me, dear Doctor, for having been so nervous and precipitate. But you are a father yourself. 'Tis all my wife's fault, I can assure you, and I shall tell her she must make the apology due for bringing you down from London for nothing! The fact is; that *I* never thought that there was any thing the matter with the child;" which was, I thought, a very great mistake of the Colonel's.

"I assure you that I am infinitely better pleased to have the opportunity of seeing Mrs. St. Helen again, and in health and spirits, than to see her plunged into distress by the illness of her child—so pray say no more about it!"

As we approached, Mrs. St. Helen hastily gave her parasol into the hands of the maid, from whose hands she hastily snatched the child, and walked quickly up to the carriage door, as we drew up. For a moment I quite forgot the errand on which I had come, as close before me stood the Emma Annesley of a former day, a thousand times more lovely, to my eye, than I had ever seen her. She wore a light loose bonnet, of transparent white crape, and her shawl, which had

graceful negligence over her shoulders, to infinite advantage displaying a figure of ripening womanhood—the young mother, proud of the beautiful infant she bore in her arms—her expressive features full of animation; altogether she struck me as a fit subject for one of those airy and exquisite sketches with which Sir Thomas Lawrence was then occasionally delighting the world.

"Oh, Doctor——," she commenced, in the same rich voice I so well remembered, holding out one of her hands to me as I descended the carriage steps—"I am so delighted to see you again, but really, Arthur did so frighten me about the child, and I am not a very experienced mother—but I suppose it is the same with all fathers—alarmed at *such* trifles?"——

"Really, Emma, this is capital," interrupted the Colonel, half piqued and half pleased, while I could not help laughing at them both—"so it was *I*—but who was it, Emma, that came rushing into my dressing-room this morning, her hair half *en papillote*?"——

"Arthur, do not be absurd—there is no need."

"Well, I forgive you! It was my fault; but thank God! here's the young hero, seemingly as well as ever he was in his life—many, many happy returns—"

"'Tis his birth-day, Doctor"—interrupted Mrs. St. Helen, eagerly, with a smile.

The Colonel took the child out of his mother's arms, and kissed him heartily. "But what apology can we make, Emma, to Doctor——?"

"Oh, don't say a syllable! I am sincerely glad that I have come, and more so, that there was not the necessity for it you supposed. My dear Mrs. St. Helen, how glad I am to see you," I continued, as she took my arm, the Colonel proceeding on with the child in his arms, who seemed, however, anxious to get back to his nurse. "I have often thought of you, and wondered where you had hid yourselves! But before we talk about past times, let me hear what it was that so alarmed you about that sweet little child?"

"Oh—why, I suspect it's all my fault, Doctor—I was very foolish; but we do so love him, that we are afraid of the least thing. He is so beautiful, that we fear we shall lose him—he's too good—we should be too happy."

"All mothers, Mrs. St. Helen, say that; but I want to hear whether we are right in dismissing all anxiety about the appearances that so alarmed you this morning."

"I'm quite ashamed of it! It was evidently nothing but a little redness on his forehead, which was occasioned, no doubt by the pressure of the pillow—and it quite disappeared before the Colonel had been gone half-an-hour—and the nurse did not tell me till afterwards—and we had no man here at the time to ride after the Colonel—and so" pushing about the end of her parasol upon the grass, and looking down as we slowly followed the Colonel towards the house. I laughed heartily at the kind of sheepish air with which she confessed the slight occasion there had been for her alarm. She began again to apologize—

"Pho, pho, my dear Mrs. St. Helen, this has happened to me more than a hundred times! but never when I less regretted it than I do now. I have had a delightful drive, and I have seen you looking so well and happy—you cannot think how rejoiced I am on your account! What a contrast is your present life to that you led at the Earl of Hetheringham's!—you must be as happy as the day is long!"

"And so indeed I am! I never never, knew what real happiness was till I knew Colonel St. Helen! We have never had a difference yet! He worships the very ground"——She paused, hung her head, and her eyes filled with tears.

"He looks quite like a soldier," said I, glancing at his tall and erect figure.

"Oh yes, and he is! He has the noblest disposition in the world! so generous, and as simple as the little creature he carries. You would hardly think him the same man when he is at home, that at the head of his regiment looks so cold, and stern, and formal. And he is as brave as"——her beautiful features were turned towards me, flushed with excitement—"Do you know he's been in three engagements, and I have heard from several officers that he is one of the most desperate and fearless"——

"Ah, you recollect these beautiful lines, Mrs. St. Helen," said I—

> "The warrior's heart when touched by me,
> Can as downy, soft, and yielding be,
> As his own white plume that high amid death,
> Through the field has shone, yet moves with a breath!"

Her eyes were fixed intently upon me while I repeated these lines, filled with tears as I concluded, and she spoke not.

"Where are those lines?" she began at length; but ashamed of her unsubdued emotion, she quickly turned aside her head, and left the sentence unfinished. Her little dog that came scampering down towards us, happily turned her thoughts.

"How very, very ridiculous!" she exclaimed, half-laughing, half-crying, pointing to a light blue ribbon tied round the dog's neck, in a large knot or bow, the little animal now frisking merrily about her, and then rolling about on the grass, evidently not knowing what to make of his gay collar "The fact is, Doctor, that this being our little boy's first birth-day, my maid has determined that even the dog—Down Fan! down? you little imprudent creature—go and run after your master;" and away bounded Fan, leaving us once more alone.

"When did you hear of the Hetheringhams last?"

"Oh, by the way," she answered eagerly, "only a day or two ago. And what do you think! Did you read that account of the elopement in the papers with such numbers of stars and initials."

"Certainly, I recollect; but whom do they mean?"

"My fair proud cousin, Anne Sedley, and the youngest officer in Arthur's regiment. Who should have thought it! She was always the most unkind of any of them towards me; but I am not the less sorry for her. Nothing but misery can come of an elopement; and how they are to live I do not know, for neither of them has any thing."

"You see very little of the Earl and Countess or your cousins, I suppose, now?"

"We have scarcely met since we were married, and we don't regret it. Arthur does not like any of them, for I could not help telling him how they had treated me: and, besides we see nobody, nor do we wish; for we are not yet tired of each other, and we have plenty do at home of one kind or another. In fact, we have only one thing that distresses us, a fear lest the Colonel may be ordered to join his regiment and go abroad. Oh! we tremble at the thought, at least I am sure I do; especially if it should happen before November," she added suddenly, faintly coloring. I understood by her delicate intimation that she bade fair to become a mother, and told her so. "What should I do, in my situation, all alone here—my husband gone, perhaps never to return. I assure you, it often makes me very sad indeed—but here he comes."

"Why, Emma! How serious! Positively in tears! What! have you been regretting to Doctor———that you have not got a patient for him?"

"No, dearest Arthur—the fact is we have been talking over past times!—I was telling him how happy we were in our solitude here"——

"But, I dare say, Doctor———, with myself," said the Colonel, quickly, observing Mrs. St. Helen had not yet entirely recovered from her emotion—"will not think the worse of Densleigh when we've had a little lunch."

"Well—I'll rejoin you in a few minutes," interrupted Mrs. St. Helen, turning from us.

"Aha," said the Colonel, as he led me into the room, where lunch was spread—"she's gone to look after Master St. Helen's dinner, I suppose; we shant see her this quarter of an hour!—He must never eat a mouthful without her seeing it! We won't wait, Doctor———," and we sat down—for I had really not much time to lose. Densleigh was a delightful residence—happily situated, and laid out with much taste and elegance. The room in which we were sitting at lunch opened upon a soft green, sloping down to the banks of a pleasant stream, and commanded an extensive prospect,—of which Mrs. St. Helen had completed a very beautiful water-color sketch, which was suspended near where I sat.

"You must come some day, Doctor, and see Emma's portfeuille—for she really draws very beautifully. I'll try to get you a sight of the picture she has nearly finished of our little Arthur—by Heaven, 'tis perfection!"

Here Mrs. St. Helen made her appearance; Master St. Helen had made a very hearty dinner, and Emma was again in high spirits, and I persuaded her to take a glass of wine with me—but not to give me a sight of the mysteries which the Colonel had spoken of. She would not for the world let me see her half finished daubs—and so forth; and as for the others, she would show them all to me the next time I came, &c. &c. All lady-artists are alike, so I did not press the matter. A pleasant hour I passed at Densleigh—thinking, where was happiness to be found if not there! I was not allowed to leave before I had promised, never to come within a mile or two without calling upon them. They attended me to the door, where were drawn up my carriage and the pony phaeton of Mrs. St. Helen, with two beautiful little greys, which also were bedecked with the light blue ribbons. Master St. Helen and his maid were already seated in it, and I saw that Mrs. St. Helen, longed to join them. Ah, you are a happy woman, thought I, as I drove off—you ought indeed to feel grateful to Heaven for having cast your lot in pleasant places—long may you live the pride of your husband—mother, it may be, of a race of heroes!

About six months afterward my eye lit upon the following announcement in one of the newspapers: 'On the 2d instant, at Densleigh Grange, the lady of Colonel St. Helen, of a son.' I discovered, upon inquiry, that both mother and child were doing well—although the event so dreaded by Mrs. St. Helen had come to pass, and greatly affected her spirits—the Colonel was ordered, with his regiment, upon foreign service. She had nearly succeeded in persuading him to quit the army; and it required all the influence of his most experienced personal friends, as well as a tolerably distinct intimation of opinion from the Royal Commander-in-Chief at the Horse-Guards to prevent him from yielding to her entreaties. His destination was India; and with a very heavy heart six weeks before the accouchement took place, he bade her adieu—feeling that too probably it was for ever! He could not, however, tear himself away; twice did he return suddenly and unexpectedly to Densleigh, after having taken, as he supposed, a final farewell. She insisted on returning with him to London and witnessing his departure. When it had taken place she returned to Densleigh, and for a while gave herself up to the most violent emotions of grief. Dreading the consequences to her, in her critical circumstances, Mrs. Ogilvie, the sister of Colonel St. Helen, came down to Densleigh, and succeeded in bringing Mrs. St. Helen up to town with her, hoping that change of scene, and the gaieties of the metropolis might aid in recruiting her agitated spirits and thereby prepare her for the trial she was so soon to undergo. She had not been long in London before she persuaded Mrs. Ogilvie to drive with her to the Horse-Guards, and endeavor, if possible, to gain some intelligence as to the probable duration of her husband's absence, and of the nature of the service in which he was to be engaged. Her heart almost failed her when the carriage drew up at the Horse-Guards. With some trepidation she gave the servant a card bearing her name, on which she had written a few lines stating the inquiry she had called to make, and desired him to take and wait with it for an answer. "His Royal Highness will send to you, Ma'am, in a few moments," said the servant on his return. Presently an officer in splendid uniform was seen approaching the carriage—he was an aid-de-camp of the Commander-in-Chief, and Mrs. St. Helen, with some additional agitation, recognized in him, as he stood before her, Captain Alverley. To her it was indeed a most unexpected meeting; and he seemed not free from embarrassment.

"His Royal Highness has directed me to inform you," said he, bowing politely, "that he regrets being unable to receive you, as he is now engaged with important business. He also directs me to say, in answer to your inquiry, that Colonel St. Helen's stay will probably not exceed three years." While he was yet speaking, Mrs. St. Helen, overcome with agitation, hastily bowed to him, ordered the coachman to drive on, and sunk back on her seat exhausted.

"Emma! Emma! what can you mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Ogilvie, with much displeasure; "I never saw such rudeness! Yes," looking back toward the Horse-Guards, "he may well be astonished! I declare he is still standing thunderstruck at your extraordinary behavior!"

"I—I can not help it," murmured Mrs. St. Helen, faintly, "I thought I should have fainted. He so reminded me of Arthur—and—did you observe," she continued, sobbing, "nothing was said about the nature of the service! Oh, I am sure I never shall see him again! I wish, I wish I had not called at that odious place—I *might* have then hoped!" A long drive, however, through a cheerful part of the suburbs, at length somewhat relieved her oppression; but it was evident, from her silence, and her absent manner, that her thoughts continued occupied with what she had seen at the Horse-Guards.

Captain Alverley *did* stand thunderstruck, and continued so standing for some moments after the carriage had driven out of sight. Had I then seen him, and known that of his character which I now know, I should have been reminded of the poet's description of the deadly serpent—

> "Terribly beautiful the serpent lay,
> Wreathed like a coronet of gold and jewels
> Fit for a tyrant's brow; anon he flew,
> Straight like an arrow, shot from his own wings!"

—or rather it might have appeared as though the rattle-snake were stunned for an instant by the suddenness of the appearance of his beautiful victim. No; the fatal spring had not yet been made, nor had yet the fascination of that death-dooming eye *been felt* by the victim!

Almost immediately upon Colonel St. Helen's arrival in India, he was hurried into action; and in little more than a year after his departure from England, the Gazette made most honorable mention of his name, as connected with a very important action in the Mahratta war. I could easily contrive, I thought, to call to-day upon Mrs. St. Helen, and so be, perhaps, the first to show her the Gazette; and I made my arrangements accordingly. Putting the important document in my pocket, I drove in the direction of Densleigh, having a patient in the neighborhood. I left my carriage in the road, and walked up the avenue to the house. I trode so noiselessly upon the 'soft smooth-shaven green,' that my approach was not perceived by the occupants of the room in which we had lunched on the occasion already mentioned. There were Mrs. St. Helen and her little son Arthur. The latter was evidently acting the soldier, having a feather stuck in his cap, and a broad red ribbon round his waist, to which was attached a sword; and in order to complete his resemblance to the figure of an officer, he had a drum fastened in front of him, to the harmonious sound of which he was marching fiercely round the room; while his mother—her beautiful countenance turned fully and fondly toward him—was playing upon the piano—

> 'See! the conquering hero comes!'

She perceived me approach, and started for a moment; but hastily motioning me not to appear and disturb what was going on, I stepped aside.

"And what does brave papa do, Arthur?" said she, ceasing to play. He stopped, dropped his drum sticks, drew his little sword with some difficulty from its sheath, and after appearing to aim one or two blows at some imaginary enemy, returned it to its scabbard, and was marching with a very dignified air past his mother, when she rose from her seat,

and suddenly clasping the young warrior in her arms, smothered him with kisses.

"Pray walk in, dear Doctor," said she, approaching me, after setting down the child, "forgive a poor lonely mother's weakness."

"So, then, you have heard of it?"

"Heard of what?" she inquired, hurriedly, slightly changing color. I took out the Gazette. "Oh, come in, come in, and we'll sit down—I—I begin to feel—rather faint;" her eyes fastened upon the paper I held in my hands. We sat down together upon the sofa. As soon as, with the aid of a vinaigrette, she had recovered a little from her agitation, I read to her—who listened breathless—the very flattering terms in which Col. St. Helen's conduct in a most sanguinary action, was mentioned in the despatch, with the gratifying addition that his name was not included in the list of either killed or wounded. "Oh, my noble, gallant Arthur!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears, "I knew he would acquit himself well! I wonder, Arthur, if he thought *of us* when he was in the field!" snatching up her son—who, with his little hands resting on her lap, stood beside her, looking up concernedly in her face—and folding him to her bosom. A flood of tears relieved her excitement. She kissed the Gazette, and thanked me warmly for having brought it to her. She presently rung the bell, and desired the butler to be sent for, who soon made his appearance.

"Are they at dinner?" she inquired. He bowed. "Then give them two bottles of wine, and let them drink their master's health; for"—

She could not finish the sentence, and I added for her—"Colonel St. Helen has been engaged in a glorious action, and has gained great distinction"—

"I'll give it, ma'am—sir—I will," interrupted the impatient butler; "we'll be sure to drink my master's health—and yours, ma'am—and the young gentleman; Lord, sir, it couldn't be otherwise! Is master hurt, sir?"

"Not a hair, I believe," I answered.

"Lord Almighty!" he exclaimed, unconsciously snapping his fingers, as his hands hung down, "only to think of it, ma'am—how glad you must be, ma'am—and young master, there, ma'am; but how could it be otherwise, ma'am?"

"Thank you, Bennet, thank you! make yourselves happy, for I am sure I am," replied Mrs. St. Helen, as well as her agitation would allow her—and the butler withdrew. Poor Mrs. St. Helen asked me a hundred questions, which I had no more means of answering than herself; and, in short, was evidently greatly excited. As I stood at the open window, which opened on the lawn, admiring for a moment the prospect it commanded, my eye caught the figure of a cavalry officer, in undress uniform, followed by his groom, cantering easily toward Densleigh.

"Who can this be, Mrs. St. Helen?" said I, pointing him out to her, as she rose from the sofa.

"Who, Doctor? where?" she inquired, hastily.

"It is an officer in undress uniform, evidently coming hither,—I suppose he brings you official information." At that moment the approaching figures were again, for an instant visible at a sudden turn of the road; and Mrs. St. Helen, slightly changing color, exclaimed, with, as I thought, a certain tremor easily accounted for—"Oh, yes—I know who it is—Captain Alverley, aid-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief—no doubt he comes to tell me what I know already, through your kindness—and he may, also, bring me letters."

"Very possibly!—Well, dear Mrs. St. Helen, I most cordially congratulate you on this good news; but, pray, don't suffer yourself to be excited," said I, taking up my hat and stick.

"Don't—don't hurry away, Doctor," she replied. I took her hand in mine. It was cold, and trembled. I hastily repeated my advice, having already staid longer than my engagements allowed, and took my leave. As I reached my carriage, Captain Alverley—if such was the officer's name—was just entering the gate, which his groom was holding open for him.

"Well," thought I, as I drove off, "if I were Colonel St. Helen, and six or seven thousand miles off, I should not exactly *prefer* a *tete-a-tete*, even on the subject of my own magnificent exploits, between my beautiful wife and that handsome officer,"—for certainly, as far as my hurried scrutiny went, I had never seen a man with a finer person and air, or a more prepossessing countenance. That was the first time that I had ever seen or heard of Captain Alverley.

Some little time after this occurrence the death of an elder brother entitled Colonel St. Helen to an income of several thousands a year, and a house in the immediate vicinity of Berkeley Square. This was an event the Colonel had anticipated before leaving England, as his brother had long been in a declining state of health: and he had arranged with his solicitor and man of business, that should the event take place before the expiration of the term for which he held Densleigh, efforts were to be made to continue the lease and the house, in —— street was to be let, but not for longer than three years. If, however, Densleigh could not be secured for a further lease, then Mrs. St. Helen was to occupy the house in —— Street, till the Colonel's return to England. Colonel St. Helen's brother died shortly before the lease of Densleigh expired, and its proprietor, wishing to live in it himself, declined to renew the lease. The necessary arrangements therefore were made for removing Mrs. St. Helen with her establishment, to —— Street—a noble residence, which the Colonel had left orders should, in the contingency which had happened, be furnished entirely according to Mrs. St. Helen's wishes. He had also made the proper arrangements for putting her in possession of an additional allowance of £2000 a-year; and under the judicious superintendence of his solicitor, all these arrangements were speedily and satisfactorily carried into effect; and Mrs. St. Helen was duly installed the mistress of her new and elegant residence, with a handsome equipage, a full retinue of servants, and a clear revenue of £3,500 a-year, including her former allowance. Oh, unhappy, infatuated husband, to have made such an arrangement! Would that you had never permitted your lovely wife to enter such scenes of dazzling danger—that you had rather placed her in secret retirement till your return—far from the garish eye of the world—even in some lone sequestered spot

> "Where glide the sunbeams through the latticed boughs,
> And fell like dew-drops on the spangled ground,
> To light the diamond-beetle on his way;
> Where cheerful openings let the sky look down
> Into the very heart of solitude,
> On little garden-plots of social flowers,
> That crowded from the shades to peep at daylight;
> Or where the impermeable foliage made
> Midnight at noon, and chill dark horror reigned
> O'er dead fallen leaves and shining fungues;"

any where but in London. It was done, however, at the impulse of a generous and confiding nature—though in fatal error, for the best!

——

I was driving home down —— Street one evening alone, on my return from a dinner party, where I was stopped for a moment by a crowd of carriages opposite Lady ——'s; and recollected that I had promised to look in, if possible. I therefore got out, and made my way as soon as I could into the crowded mansion. Can any thing be absurder than such a scene? I always disliked balls and routs; but such as *these* must be perfectly intolerable, I fancy, to any sober, rational person. It was full five minutes before I could force my way up stairs and along the spacious landing, to the door of the principal room into which '*all the*' unhappy '*world*' had squeezed itself, and was undergoing purgatory. How many hundreds of ladies' maids and valets would have gone distracted to see their mistresses and masters so unable to display their handiwork—standing jammed together!—but this is enjoyment and fashion—why should *I* find fault with those who experience pleasure in such scenes? After gazing on the glistening confused scene for a moment, admiring the fortitude of those who were enduring the heat and pressure without a murmur, perceiving no one that I knew, at least within speaking distance, I passed on toward another room in search of Lady ——, whom I wished to show that I had kept my promise. The second room was much less crowded, and real, not make believe, dancing was going on.

"She's very beautiful, is she not?" said a gentleman just before me, to one of the two ladies who leaned upon his arm, and who seemed to be looking critically at the dancers—"Y—e—s, rather," was the answer, in a languid, drawling tone.

"Waltzes well enough," said the other lady, "but for my part I quite dislike to see it."

"Dislike to see it? You joke," interrupted the gentleman; "why do you dislike it? Upon my honor, I think it's quite a treat to see such waltzing as theirs."

"Oh, I dare say it's all correct enough, if one comes to *that*. I must own, I should not waltz myself, if I were married," said the glistening skeleton on his right arm, dropping its elaborately dressed head with a would-be *naive* air. The ladies were two of the daughters of the Earl of Hetheringham. I knew not who the gentleman was.

"Really, I must say it's too bad, under circumstances," said one of the ladies, disdainfully eyeing a couple who were floating gracefully round the room, and who presently stopped in front of where I was standing—the lady apparently exhausted for the moment with her exertion. The reader may guess my feelings on recognizing in these waltzers—Captain Alverley and Mrs. St. Helen! Fearful of encountering her eye I slipped away from where I had been standing—but not before I heard one of the fair critics, immediately before whom the pair of waltzers were standing, address her with a sweet air, and compliment her on her performance! At a little distance I continued to observe her movements. She was dressed magnificently, and became her dress magnificently. She was certainly the most beautiful woman in the room; and, with her companion, who was dressed in full regimentals, one of the most conspicuous couples present. After a few minutes' pause, spent in conversing with her two affectionate cousins, she suffered her partner gently to lead her off again among the waltzers. I could not help following her motions with mingled feelings of pity and indignation. I resolved to throw myself in her way before quitting the room; and for that purpose stepped in front of the circle of bystanders. I knew a little of Captain Alverley's character, at least, by his reputation; and recollected the agitation his approach had occasioned her on my pointing out his figure to her at Densleigh. There were four or five couples waltzing; and those whom I was so eagerly observing, a second time stopped immediately in front of where I now stood—he apologizing for the force with which he had come against me. She, too, observed it, and turned her head to see to whom her partner had apologized. The instant she recognized me, her features became suffused with crimson. Her companion observed it, and looked at me with a surprised and haughty air, as if designing to discourage me from speaking to her. I was not, however, to be deterred by such a trifle.

"How are you, Doctor?"—said, or rather stammered Mrs. St. Helen, giving me her hand, which I thought trembled a little.

"When did you hear from the Colonel last?" I enquired presently, disregarding the insulting air of impatience manifested by Captain Alverley, who could not avoid observing the slight agitation and surprise my presence had occasioned his beautiful partner.

"Oh—I heard from India—not for several months—oh, yes, I did, about six weeks ago—He was very well when he wrote." Partly with the fatigue of waltzing, and partly through mental discomposure, she was evidently agitated. She would have continued her conversation with me, but Captain Alverley insisted on taking her in quest of a seat, and of refreshment. I soon after quitted the house, without any further attempt to see Lady ——; and my thoughts were so much occupied with the casual rencounter I have just described, that I walked several paces down the street, on my way home, before I recollected that my carriage was waiting for me. I had seen nothing whatever that was directly improper—and yet I felt, or grieved, as though I had. Good God! was this way in which Mrs. St. Helen testified her love for her generous, confiding husband—for him who had so affectionately secured her, by anticipation, the means of enjoying his expected accession of fortune—for him who was at that moment, possibly, gallantly charging in action with the enemies of his country—or who might have already received the wound which rendered her a widow and her children fatherless? What accursed influence had deadened her keen sensibilities—had impaired her delicate perception of propriety? I began to feel heavy misgivings about this Captain Alverley—in short, I reached home full of vexing thoughts—for Mrs. St. Helen had suddenly sunk many, many degrees in my estimation. She did not appear to me to be the same woman that I had seen some twelve months before at Densleigh—the tender mother, the enthusiastic wife,—*what* had come to her?

I thought it not improbable that I should, in the morning, receive a message from her, requesting a visit during the day; and I was not mistaken—for while sitting at breakfast, her servant brought me a note to that effect—requesting me to call, if convenient, before one o'clock. I foresaw that our interview would be of a different description to any former one. However uneasy I felt on her account, I did not desire to be placed in the disagreeable situation of receiving explanations and excuses which nothing had called forth but her own consciousness of impropriety, and my involuntary air of astonishment on the preceding evening. I had so many engagements that day, that it was nearly two o'clock before I could visit Mrs. St. Helen's. She sate in the drawing-room, with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Ogilvie, who had called about an hour before,—a very elegant sweet woman, some ten or twelve years her senior. I had evidently interrupted an unpleasant interview between them; for the former was in tears, and the latter looked agitated,—while, consequently, all of us looked rather embarrassed.

"Doctor ——" said Mrs. St. Helen, quickly, after a few ordinary enquiries, "now, do pray tell me, did *you* see any thing objectionable in my"——

"Emma! how *can* you be so foolish," interrupted Mrs. Ogilvie, rising, with much displeasure. "I am really extremely vexed with you!" and she quitted the room without regarding Mrs. St. Helen's entreaties that she would stay. I should have liked to follow her, or that she had remained during my brief visit. I proceeded immediately, with a matter-of-fact air, to make a few professional enquiries.

"But, my dear Doctor ——," said she earnestly, without answering my questions—"do tell me candidly, what *did* you see so very particular—and amiss—in my conduct last night?"

"What did I see amiss? Dear Mrs. St. Helen, you amaze me! I had not been at Lady ——'s above a minute or two before we met, and I left almost directly after"——

"Then what *did* your look mean? Do, dear Doctor, tell me what that look meant—I really could not help observing it—and I can't forget it."

"Mrs. St. Helen! you really quite—you must have strangely mistaken my looks."

"Perhaps you don't,—I suppose—that is—I know what you mean—was it that you didn't admire married women waltzing? Now, *do* tell me, for I feel quite unhappy."

"Well, since you are so *very* anxious to know my opinion, I have no hesitation in saying a"——

"Oh, pray go on, Doctor!"—interrupted Mrs. St. Helen, impatiently.

"Why, all that I was going to say is, that I certainly do not feel *particularly* pleased—but I may be quite absurd—at seeing married women waltzing, especially *mothers*."

"Dear Doctor, and why not? You can't think how much I respect your opinion; but surely, good heavens! what can there be indelicate"——

"Mrs. St. Helen! I did not use the word"——

"Well, but I know you meant it; why won't you be can-

did now, Doctor? But had you no other reason?"—Her eyes filled with tears.

"My dear Mrs. St. Helen! what *reason* could I possibly have?" I interrupted gravely—wishing to put an end to what threatened to become a very unpleasant discussion. "I have given you an answer to the strange question you asked; and now suppose"——

"Oh, Doctor, it is useless to attempt putting me off in this way—I can read a look as well as any one. I must have been blind not to see yours. The fact is—I suppose"—she raised her handerchief to her eyes, which were again beginning to glisten with tears—"if you would but be honest—did you not think it was wrong in waltzing when my husband—is abroad—and—and—in danger?" She sobbed.

"Really, Mrs. St. Helen, you will persist in making my position here so unpleasant, that I must indeed take my leave." At that moment I heard the sound of a horse's feet, approaching in the street. Mrs. St. Helen heard it, too; and hurrying to the bell, pulled it with undisguised trepidation. As soon as the servant entered she said, in a vehement tone, "Not at home! Not at home!" In spite of her efforts to conceal it, she trembled violently, and her face became paler than before. Determined to ascertain whether or not my sudden suspicions were correct, I rose, intending to walk to the window, where I expected to see Captain Alverley;—but she prevented me, doubtless purposely,—extending her arm towards me, and begging me to feel her pulse. So I was kept engaged till I heard the hall-door closed, after an evident parley, and the retreating of the equestrian visitor. I had been requested to call before *one* o'clock—it was now past two: had she engaged to ride out with Captain Alverley?

"Well, what do you think of my pulse, Doctor?" enquired Mrs. St. Helen, breathing more freely, but still by no means calm.

"Why, it shows a high degree of nervous irritability and excitement, Mrs. St. Helen."

"Very probably; and no wonder! people are so cruel, and so scandalous." She burst into tears. "Here's my sister been lecturing me this hour—half killing me! She insists"——

"Pray restrain your feelings, Mrs. St. Helen! Why all this agitation? I am not your father confessor," said I, endeavoring to assume a gay air. Mrs. St. Helen paused, and sobbed heavily.

"She tells me that my behavior is so—so light, that I am getting myself talked about."—She seemed exceedingly distressed. "Now, dear Doctor, if you really love me, as a very, very old friend—I'm sure I love *you*!—do tell me, candidly, have *you* ever heard any thing?"

"Never, Mrs. St. Helen, I solemnly assure you, have I heard your name mentioned, to my knowledge, till last night, when I happened to overhear two ladies, who seemed to be wondering at your waltzing"——

"Oh," she interrupted me with great vivacity, "I know who they were! My cousins—My sweet, good-natured cousins—Oh, the vipers! Wherever I go they hiss at me! But I'll endure it no longer! I'll drive to ——— Square this very day, and insist"——

"If you *do*, Mrs. St. Helen, and mention one syllable of what I have perhaps unguardedly told you, and what I could not help overhearing, we never meet again."

"Then what *am* I to do?" she exclaimed. "Am I to endure all this? Must I suffer myself to be slandered with impunity?"

"God forbid, Mrs. St. Helen, that you should be slandered."

"Then what am I to do?"

"Give no occasion," I answered, more drily perhaps than I had intended.

"Give no occasion, indeed!" echoed Mrs. St. Helen, with an indignant air, rising at the same time, and walking to and fro. "And who says that I ever *have* given occasion?" fixing her bright eye upon me with a kind of defiance.

"Mrs. St. Helen, you greatly grieve and surprise me by all this. You ask me again and again for an answer to a very strange question, and when at length you get one, you are affronted with me for giving it. I declare that I know nothing whatever about your conduct, one way or the other. But since you have forced me to speak, very reluctantly—for I have no business to enter into any such matters—I can but repeat what I have said, that if the tongue of scandal and envy is busy with you, you must be extraordinarily on your guard to let your conduct give them the lie!"

"My dear Doctor," said she, suddenly resuming her seat, and speaking in the sweetest and most sorrowful tone of voice, "I—I *will* be more guarded; I—I will not waltz again." Sobs prevented her going on. I took her hand cordially.

"I am delighted to hear you say so, Mrs. St. Helen. I know well your high honor, your purity of principle; but, believe me, your innocent unsuspecting frankness may yet expose you often to danger. Why may I not tell you the feelings of my heart, dear Mrs. St. Helen? they are towards you more of a father than a friend or physician. You are young, why should I not tell you what you know—you are very beautiful." She buried her face in her handkerchief, and sobbed almost convulsively. "The men of the world—of fashion—into whose way you have been lately so much thrown, are often very unprincipled and base; they may, with subtle wickedness, contrive snares for you that your innocent inexperience cannot detect till perhaps too late." She involuntarily squeezed my hand, for I still held hers, but attempted no reply. "Now, may I tell you what was really passing through my mind last night at Lady ———'s?" She spoke not, but continued her face in her handerchief. "I was thinking that, perhaps at the moment you were being whirled round by that Captain Alverley, your gallant husband, charging at the head of his regiment, might be tumbling dead from his horse."

"Ah! and so did I the moment I saw you!" almost shrieked Mrs. St. Helen, suddenly raising her pallid face from the handkerchief in which it had been buried. I had the greatest difficulty in preventing her going off into violent hysterics. After a long struggle with her tumultuous feelings, "O Arthur, Arthur!" she exclaimed, in such a tone as brought the tears suddenly into my eyes—"if I have ever wronged you in thought, in word, or in deed!"——

"Impossible!—perfectly impossible!" I exclaimed with energy, in a cheerful exulting tone.

"No!" she exclaimed, sitting suddenly upright, while a noble expression beamed in her excited features, which were blanched with her vehement emotion. "No! I am his wife! I am the mother of his children! I have not betrayed them! I will not!"

I looked at her with astonishment; the wild smile passed quickly from her pallid, beautiful countenance, and she sunk back on the sofa in a swoon. I instantly summoned assistance, and her maid, with one or two other female servants, presently entered hastily with water and smelling-salts.

"I knew she was ill sir," said her maid Joyce: "she's not been quite herself I may say this several weeks. This constant going out at nights doesn't do for her, and I've often told her so, sir!"

"I suppose she goes out a great deal in the evenings?"

"Oh yes, sir; three or four times a week, and oftener, sir!"

"Is it generally late before she comes back?"

"Never hardly before three or four o'clock in the morning, sir; and so tired and knocked up, as one may say"——Here Mrs. St. Helen began to revive. She seemed very much annoyed when she had thoroughly recovered her consciousness, at being surrounded by the servants. After giving her a few directions—for she was suffering slightly from a cold, I left, promising to call upon her again in a day or two.

Three or four times a-week and oftener! The words rung in my ears long after Mrs. St. Helen was out of my sight. Was this the same woman that had once inquired with such a passionate air whether Colonel St. Helen ever thought of *her* and her children when he was going to the field, and surrounded by death? How would that gallant heart have been wrung, at such a moment, had he known in what manner she conducted herself during his absence! Despite what had recently passed between us, I trembled for Mrs. St. Helen—I knew not how far she might be already committed—to what extent her light and thoughtless behaviour might have given encouragement to those ever ready to take advantage of such conduct: her emotions had been violent, and no doubt genuine; and yet the agonies I had been witnessing might be little else than the mere spasms of declining virtue!

Of Captain Alverley—the *Honorable* Charles Alverley—I regret that I should have to speak at any length. But I must,—he is one of the main figures in this painful picture—he is the DESTROYER. He belonged to a high family; was a well-educated and accomplished man—of handsome person and irresistible address; yet nevertheless as heartless a villain as ever existed. He was a systematic seducer. The fair sex he professed to idolize; yet he could not look upon them but with a lustful and corrupting eye. He was proverbial for his gallantries; he made every thing subservient to them. His character was well known, and yet, alas! he was every where esteemed in society, in whose parlance he was—a gentleman! Who could resist the gay, the bland, the graceful Alverley, with his coronet in expectation?

Why—asks one, in happy ignorance of the world about him—is such a wretch created and suffered to infest the fairest regions of humanity? It might as well be asked, why has the Almighty created the cobra or the crocodile!

Captain Alverley, as already intimated, had excited a strong interest in Miss Annesley's heart before she had ever seen or heard of Colonel St. Helen. Having discovered her want of fortune, he withdrew, on the plea already mentioned, from the competition for her hand; but he never lost sight of her. He had, in fact, determined, come what would, on effecting the ruin of Mrs. St. Helen; and he set to work patiently, and, as he often considered, *scientifically*. It has been supposed, though with what truth I know not, that he had something or other to do with poor Colonel St. Helen's summons upon a foreign service; and the moment that he had sailed, the fiend commenced his operations. They were long retarded, however, by the strictly secluded life Mrs. St. Helen led at Densleigh, occupied with her holy and happy maternal duties. Would to Heaven that she had never quitted the one, or been diverted, even for a moment, from the performance of the other! The accidental rencontre at the Horse Guards I have already mentioned. The instant that he was commissioned by his Royal master to bear a kind message to Mrs. St. Helen, he determined upon the demeanor he should assume—one at once delicate and deferential—fraught with sympathy for her evident suffering. Observing her agitation he did not attempt, by a look or a word, to remind her that they had ever met before; confining himself, with perfect taste, to the delivery of the message with which he had been charged. When Mrs. St. Helen abruptly drove off, in the manner already described, his vile heart leaped for joy. His practised eye saw that her agitation was not *entirely* attributable to the errand on which she had come. He certainly had remained standing in the manner Mrs. Ogilvie had described, but it was not astonishment; he was pondering what had just happened; and in a few moments returned to the room he had quitted, with a flush on his countenance, and the consciousness that he had commenced his infernal campaign. Some six or eight months afterward a packet arrived at the Horse Guards from India, enclosing a letter, which the writer, Colonel St. Helen, begged might be thrown into the post for Mrs. St. Helen. Of this, however, Captain Alverley took charge, and that very afternoon rode down to Densleigh, and delivered it with his own hands into those of the servant—"with Captain Alverley's compliments"—when he rode off. He justly considered that his delicacy in doing so could not but be appreciated.

It was so!—Had Mrs. St. Helen then closely and faithfully examined her heart, in order to ascertain the exact nature of her feelings on finding that Captain Alverley had himself brought her a letter with the immediate receipt of which he supposed she could be so much gratified, and that he had abstained from personally delivering it;—her terror-stricken eye might have detected the serpent, dim-glistening in dreadful beauty, beneath the concealing foliage. The sudden shudder would have been her salvation. But she did not—she could not. Not hers was the salutary habit or the power of self-examination; not hers, alas! had been the blessed vigilance of a fond and virtuous mother, exercised over her young years!—already, in the sight of God, had commenced the guilt of Mrs. St. Helen, who yet nevertheless was unconscious of the presence or approach of evil, even in thought. But why? Because of her fatal remissness in guarding the 'approaches of the heart.' Had she then asked help from Heaven, she might have perceived the danger which nothing but Heaven's light could have detected. The tempter, says an old divine, 'is then even nighest, when we think him farthest off.' Yes, a subtle poison had already been imperceptibly infused, in infinitely small quantity, it may be, into the heart of Mrs. St. Helen—a poison of slow but inevitable operation. O woman, this is the point of danger! I repeat it, that, harsh and unjust as it may appear, from the moment alluded to, Mrs. St. Helen became an accomplice in effecting her own ruin. Not that she had as yet sensibly or consciously suffered any injury; the *wife* and the *mother* were still supreme in Mrs. St. Helen; her quick and ardent feelings knew of no other objects, no other outlets than these. O unhappy woman! why was it that when Captain Alverley conveyed to you the intelligence of your husband's triumphs, you trembled at hearing of it? Why was that faint flutter of your heart? Had not *I* already communicated all he came to tell? What feelings flitted through your bosom when, leaning against the window, you followed the retiring figure of Alverley? He had been most eloquent in praise of your husband; his winning tones entered your heart; but how failed your eye to encounter the ardent look with which he regarded you? Ought not the conscious difference between the feelings with which you regarded him and me, or any other indifferent person, to have sounded the alarm, in your husband's name, in every corner of your heart! Ill-fated woman! dare you appeal to Heaven to testify *all* the feelings with which you heard of quitting Densleigh for London? Were you even reluctant to take that step because of your dislike to encounter Alverley? Would you avow the feelings with which you found yourself becoming intimate with his distinguished family? Alas! did you not feel a secret satisfaction at finding yourself sitting at Lord ———'s dinner-table, with Captain Alverley beside you? Had not your perception of right and wrong been suddenly confused and disturbed, how could you tolerate his altered demeanor towards you? Did you not observe and tremblingly appreciate the tact with which attentions, exquisitely flattering and gratifying to *you*, were concealed from all others? Did a sense of security from observation begin to evince itself when you perceived the skill with which his movements were directed? What alteration of feeling did not all this imply? Dreadful questions—how clearly does your disinclination to answer them indicate the nature of the change you are undergoing!

[To to be continued.]

TORY EPIGRAM.

"The Queen is with us," Whigs exulting say,
"*For when she found us in*, she let us stay;"
—It may be so; but give me leave to doubt
How long she'll keep you *when she finds you out!*

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A man thinking he was at home a few evenings since, laid down on the Common and put his boots outside the *gate* to be blacked in the morning.

SATISFACTION.—"Did you mean that remark for me?" "No—who the deuse are you? I never saw or heard of you before, and never wish to see nor hear of you again." "I am satisfied with your explanation, sir."

THE NEW-YORKER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1837.

The Times.—It were idle to write of themes in which the public take no sort of interest. The great leading topics of inquiry and consideration are these—When shall the present ill-omened state of things be succeeded by a better?—and what are the means by which the change shall be effected? Each item of intelligence or intellectual effort is considered only as it may be subservient to the solution of these problems; and the prophet who should foretell the exact commencement of the Millennium would have fewer and less eager auditors than if he could determine and announce the day of the revival of business and the restoration of general prosperity. Unwilling to speak in this place to careless ears, we shall disregard the hackneyed character of the subject, and again set forth some facts and considerations bearing upon the topic of universal concern.

The attentive reader of the daily reports of proceedings in Congress has equal advantages with ourselves for forming a judgement with regard to the practicability and probability of relief from that quarter. Although dissenting altogether from the doctrine that Congress must consult mainly the necessities of the Government, and has no power to legislate directly for the relief of the people, we have not hitherto looked with any degree of confidence to the action of the body now in session. There is too great a contrariety of opinion therein existing to leave room, primarily, for reasonable hope of efficient action. We doubt whether a clear majority of both Houses could have been brought, on the day of assembling, to give a hearty support to any measure of signal importance. By conviction, constitutional scruples, pledges, or the force of circumstances, a majority was arrayed against a National Bank, against employing the United States Bank of Pennsylvania as the fiscal agent of the Government, against divorcing the Government from all Banks, and against employing once more the State Banks. Thus, there were decisive though differently constituted majorities against each conceivable mode of procedure in the premises, and none in favor of any specified alternative. Only the absolute necessity of doing something would seem to have stood in the way of an adjournment without doing any thing. But three weeks of this extraordinary session have passed; and we have now strong grounds of hope that the regular session will not be suffered to transpire without a strenuous attempt, at least, to extend some essential relief to the great interests of the country.

The extrication of the Government from its immediate pecuniary embarrassments will doubtless be the chief business of the extra session, and with this, it is the prevailing opinion, the session will terminate. But not so the swiftly succeeding regular session. There the triangular aspect of the party divisions in the House must cease. After the Administration projects have been discussed and decided on, the Whigs must come forward with their plan or plans for the relief of the country; and we cannot believe that an adjournment will take place until something has been done toward the restoration of a sound currency. Ex-Gov. Pope, a new Member from Kentucky, of eccentric politics but signal abilities, has in his pocket the plan of a National Bank, which he believes will obviate the objections of many. Mr. Rives and his conservative clique, whose talent is far out of proportion to their numbers, will also bring forward a distinct proposition, looking, as Mr. R. has distinctly announced, to the relief of the country rather than of the Treasury. A proposition supported by Rives, J. Garland, Patton and Legare, will not be lightly regarded, however small the number of their declared supporters. Mr. Clay is preparing himself for a movement at a proper period; and he rarely moves in the halls of legislation to no purpose. As we have hitherto expressed a contrary opinion, we are the more solicitous to be now understood as believing that present appearances indicate some action of Congress favorable to the equalization of exchanges and the preservation of the Banking system before April. What the nature of that action may be, we cannot even conjecture; but we will indulge the hope that it will be as auspicious as the compromises which have settled respectively the Missouri and the Nullification difficulties within the last twenty years.

But, independent of political action, we are much to encourage hope in the aspects of things around us. The harvest throughout the country has beyond question been bountiful. A large surplus of all the necessaries of life is secured beyond the reach of contingency. Even Indian corn, which was repeatedly threatened with destruction by frost, has generally escaped with little damage, and may now be considered out of the reach of danger. The agricultural interest, with the exception of the cotton planters of the South and the wool-growers of the North, may be regarded as in a state of at least average prosperity. True, the high prices of last year cannot be realized, but the prices of provisions throughout the country are higher than the average of the last ten years; and it is a most extraordinary fact that at this moment, in a season of abundant crops and great pecuniary pressure, the price of Western flour is higher in our city than it was a year since, when money was plentiful and the supply of grain notoriously inadequate to the consumption of the country. That this cannot so remain, is evident; but there is little doubt that good prices will continue to be realized throughout the autumn, and that agriculture will for some time continue to be by far the most flourishing interest of the country.

Great difficulty is experienced, and must continue to be, from the want of money with which to carry on the business and exchanges of the country. If the Banks of our commercial cities could but discount the means of buying the surplus produce of the West now, an immediate impulse would be given to business which the coming winter would not suffice to destroy. This may not be. The Banks are steadily pursuing the course incumbent upon them of curtailing their issues and their discounts preparatory to an early resumption of specie payments. The Bank Report abstract in our columns will show with what fidelity and energy this course has been pursued by those of our own State. We entreat every man to examine it, and judge whether these Banks have been selling their specie, or buying their own notes at fifty per cent. discount, as was gravely charged by a distinguished ex-functionary. If they can but go on at this rate, a resumption next April may be confidently expected; and when the Banks of New York resume, those of all the other old States, and all but the cotton-growing of the new, will at once follow the example.

But can this rate of curtailment be persisted in? Let us consider: The foreign mercantile debt is now estimated at thirty millions. This is of course independent of the State and Internal Improvement stocks held in Europe, which will probably not be sent home upon us in these times. We believe the debt other than funded exceeds thirty millions, but let it stand at so much. We are now importing very lightly, and exporting very heavily. True, our products sell low, but they sell. We have sent to Europe seven or eight millions of specie—probably more—but decreased our own stock very little, as we have drawn from Mexico and other sources a sum nearly equal to our export. For the present, the drain from this port has nearly ceased; and the fall of the rate of premium evinces that little more is wanted. It would seem that our foreign creditors have ceased to press their collections, and, having become satisfied of the ability and determination of our merchants to pay as soon as possible, are content to await the natural operations of trade. At the present prices of Cotton, the whole debt cannot be liquidated this winter, without an almost total cessation of imports, which is not to be expected; but it may be so far reduced as to be no farther burdensome or importunate before the first of April. May we not, then, expect a general resumption by that time at farthest?

The answer to this question, if we may expect nothing from Congress, rests mainly with the farmers of our country. They are said to anxiously desire and insist on a resumption; their action can effect it infallibly. If they, as a class, can pay their debts to the mercantile class—in other words, if the indirect recipients of Bank credits can pay the direct borrowers from the Banks—the desired result will most certainly ensue. If the debtors to our country merchants would but contrive to pay forthwith two-thirds of their entire indebtedness with this year's products of the soil, the resumption will from that moment have been ensured.

It is said to have been ascertained, by actual investigation, that the indebtedness to this city from the cotton States alone fully equals the indebtedness from this city to the whole world. Were half the former amount paid and the rest properly secured, our Banks would resume on the instant, and our city be raised from her present prostrate condition. And yet New York is abused as the head-quarters of suspension, indebtedness and bankruptcy, when in fact she has only failed in her capacity of endorser for the whole continent. The real suspension of payment—the payment of notes and other obligations—was prevalent over the whole country long before last May, and was the direct cause of the technical suspension at that time.

We fear the great object of hastening the produce of the country to market—in other words, of securing a partial payment from the country to the cities, is not kept sufficiently in view. The measure is most necessary, and one easily carried into effect. Let us suppose that Ohio owes our city five millions. Now if persons could be sent into Ohio to buy, with New York money, five millions' worth of grain, pork, &c. the account would nearly be balanced. There would only be a reciprocal credit of five millions. Two-thirds of the money would come back expressly for the payment of debts, and find its way into the Banks for the same purpose; the rest would be brought here to purchase new goods, which would make but a nominal difference. We should then have five millions' worth of the necessaries of life and the elements of our most profitable trade to aid us this winter. If the season be suffered to set in without this, or with but a small portion of it, we shall lose far more than the interest on its value; while no sort of benefit would accrue to our debtors from retaining it. Nay, more—it would be a serious detriment to them; for there is no hope that the prices of produce will be so high next season as now. If the resumption take place in the spring, it must throw down all prices for months. Until confidence in Banks is re-established, the whole circulation of the country will not very far exceed its metallic currency—all discounts being greatly curtailed—and prices will be graduated by that standard. It is important, therefore, to all that the surplus produce of the grain-growing districts be hastened forward to the cities with the least possible delay. If this be neglected, there can be no sufficient preparation for the desired resumption, or for business and prosperity next season.

A single word as to the depression of the Cotton and Wool market. We have noticed the efforts of those who should know better to twist this into a fresh element of hostility between different classes of our citizens. 'The speculators have the flour,' says a journal now in our eye, 'and they exact a high price for it; but the farmers have the wool, and the farmers must sell it for half its value.' All this is grossly deceptive. The truth is that, without referring to other and equally powerful causes, which have often been discussed in our columns, a year of convulsion and disaster must inevitably give rise to the very inequality complained of. It is probable that the consumption of grain and other provisions in a year like this will not fall five per cent. if any thing below that of last year, while the demand for the various articles of clothing, etc. into which wool and cotton are manufactured will fall off twenty to fifty per cent. Can any one fail to see that precisely the result we have witnessed in regard to prices is inevitable? Provisions generally maintain their old price, or something near it, because they must be had; but cloths, etc. fall, because scarcely half the former amount is now required. The gentleman in prosperous circumstances who rejoiced in a new suit per month, now metamorphosed into the gentleman in difficulty, finds a suit per annum more consistent with the state of his finances, or perhaps dispenses with novelty altogether, and contents himself perforce with occasional selections from the wardrobe of better days. This is a homely illustration, but its truth and wide applicability will not be disputed. And we are reluctantly constrained to believe that cotton and wool will not be materially higher before a restoration of commercial prosperity. The production and present supply of each is superabundant for the present state of trade universally. Either better times must be created, or the depression of prices must discourage their production and turn the capital and labor now devoted to it into new and more inviting channels.

We have never doubted that the country will slowly and certainly work out of its difficulties, even without any auxiliary action of the Government. By putting a stop to build

ing, canal-making, and all internal improvement which does not conduce to an immediate increase of our exportable products, the balance of trade will be kept in favor of this country, and every description of debt be cleared off in two or three years. Meanwhile, business must remain comparatively stagnant and prices exceedingly low. We fear that, if it be virtually resolved to proceed in this way, the depression of prices will operate to discourage and diminish agricultural production—which must not be. However prices may range, agriculture cannot but be the least embarrassed interest of the country until the hard times are over. Let it then be cherished and extended. If the production of the next year could be made to exceed by twenty-five per cent. that of 1837, or only so much as the latter exceeds that of '36, the country would rise triumphant over her difficulties forthwith. A new impulse would be given to manufactures, to commerce, and thence to building, improvement, &c. ultimately leading to another era of good prices for every thing, including provisions and real estate. It may seem at first sight a paradox; but if the surplus of agricultural production for the next year can be increased twenty-five per cent. we maintain that the whole product will command better prices than if no such increase is effected. Let every farmer understand, then, that, whatever Congress may do, his duty is clearly coincident with his interest, and that increased production is the pole-star of both. Let every man who has no other profitable occupation turn his attention immediately to agriculture. By so doing, he will be manifesting more patriotism as well as sense than he could evince in a dozen bar-room orations. By universal and well-directed industry every thing desirable may be accomplished—even to affording us, but one year hence, the opportunity, so ardently desired, of congratulating the country on a restoration of her prosperity.

VERMONT.—We have returns of the vote for Governor in about seven-eighths of the State. Gov. Jenison's majority will probably range above 4,000, and the Whig ascendancy in every department of the Government is undoubted. The returns are as follows:

	Governor.		*Senate.*		*Assembly.*	
	Jenison,W	Bradley,V.B.	W.	Adm.	W.	Adm.
Bennington	1346	1305	2	0	11	7
Rutland	2302	1203	3	0	18	7
Windham	1318	1684	3	0	16	6
Addison	1390	715	3	0	18	4
Caledonia	1548	1558	0	2	8	9
Chittenden	1497	1178	2	0	10	6
Windsor	3101	1461	4	0	16	4
Orange	2054	2304	0	3	4	11
Washington	1570	2190	0	2	3	15
Franklin	934	878	doubtful.		9	8
Orleans	937	819	do.		12	11
Essex	194	115	do.		3	3
Grand Isle	—	—	—	—	3	2
Total	19111	15410	17	7	131	92

We believe the vote is the heaviest ever cast in the State, though not within 10,000 of a full poll. As a matter of record, we give the vote of a few towns—in the first column, the principal towns of the State; in the second, those of a few towns in which we have subscribers, who may wish it for future reference:

Towns.	Whig.	Adm.	Towns.	Whig.	Adm
Bennington	318	290	Poultney	187	20
Brattleborough	311	132	Castleton	179	76
Rutland	230	61	Danby	52	81
Middlebury	261	198	Middletown	100	48
Montpelier	292	346	Pawlet	131	125
Randolph	263	207	Westhaven	58	21
Windsor	313	118	Fairhaven	60	20
Woodstock	353	90	Dorset	133	83
Burlington	366	296	Manchester	182	122
Danville	91	234	Rupert	101	41
St. Albans	82	96	Newfane	154	100

MAINE.—It is nearly reduced to a certainty that the Administration have sustained an unexpected defeat in this State, in the election of Edward Kent as Governor, and a Whig majority in the Legislature. There will be a small Administration majority—probably of three—in the Senate, but overbalanced by the Whig majority in the House. Mr. Kent has from 500 to to 1000 majority for Governor. The vote is heavier than was ever before cast, except in the memorable 'Panic' year of 1834.

The Whig gain from the last contest for Governor is about 10,000—that is, they cast 13,000 votes more than then, and their opponents less than 3,000. (The election of '34 was the true test of party strength.) But the defeated party fought this battle under peculiar disadvantages. In the first place, there was a difference among themselves, which was evinced in their State Convention, where the candidate of the section least friendly to Banks was chosen as the candidate for Governor. This alienated or cooled many, as the scattering votes will show. Besides, Mr. Parks appears to have been personally exceptionable, and to have used expressions in regard to the difference in the party which were at least impolitic. One hundred of the former members of his party in Bangor, (where both Kent and Parks reside,) publicly declared that, for these and other reasons, they should withhold from him their suffrages, and were doubtless as good as their word. While, then, it would be idle to pretend that there has not been a great change in Maine, it may be as well to understand the favoring circumstances which have aided to crown the gallant though despairing efforts of the Whigs with victory.

	1837.		1834.	
Counties.	Kent,W.	Parks,V.B.	Sprague.	Dunlap.
York	3484	4027	3660	4795
Cumberland	5061	5067	5423	6040
Oxford	2179	3640	2355	3740
Lincoln	4669	3491	4904	4240
Kennebec	6180	3537	5865	3747
Somerset	3241	2549	3295	3293
Penobscot	4321	4485	3415	4875
Waldo	1488	2945	1451	3711
Hancock	1734	1956	1666	1904
Washington	1809	1914	1749	1831
Total	34,168	33,616	33,885	38,276
Kent's majority				552.
Dunlap's majority in the State in 1834				4391

There are nine towns and plantations to hear from, which gave last year 223 Administration and 79 Opposition votes. The scattering votes returned thus far amount to 90 only, but there are doubtless three times that number.

Representatives returned—74 Whig, 50 Administration; no choice in 21 districts; 37 not heard from.

The Money Market.—Stocks are improving under the continued influence of the action of Congress, the aspects of political affairs generally, and the favorable news from Europe. United States Bank 118¼; Delaware and Hudson 77 a 78; Utica Railroad 117¾. The operations of the last week have been extensive. Specie has declined, and is now a drug in the market—American Gold 106 a 7; Mexican Dollars 107; Half Dollars 106¼; Sovereigns 5,33. Treasury Drafts have fallen suddenly to 102!—that is, 2 per cent. above city paper, and 4 per cent. below specie, owing to the extension of the duty bonds by Congress. When the ten millions of Treasury Notes are issued, they will fall to the level of other solvent paper, carrying specie half way along with them. Much amusement has been had on this side of the water at the idea of England counting her National Debt as one of the elements of her wealth, and a 'national blessing.' Now, it is a most palpable fact that every dollar our Government gets in debt (for the Treasury Notes, Drafts, etc. are only evidences of a National Debt) gives additional relief to the business and currency of the country. If Congress would authorize the payment of the Fourth Quarter of the (late) Surplus Revenue in Treasury Notes, of convenient denominations, it would nearly equalize the currency, and go far to restore prosperity.

Congress.—We offer no apology for devoting a large portion of this paper to the interesting congressional debates of the past week. We have done so from the conviction that they ought to be placed before the whole country, and receive an earnest and dispassionate consideration. We are obliged to rest content with the versions of reporters taken down on the instant, as the speech of Mr. Calhoun alone, if written out at length, would nearly fill one half of our paper. But these, though they may not do entire justice to the speakers, are yet faithful as regards the respective views of the distinguished debaters, and the arguments advanced in support of them.

We have not room for a regular account of every thing done and said in the two Houses throughout the entire week. The Senate has been earnestly and successfully engaged in expediting the public business; the House in wrangling about Texas, Abolition, Corruption, the state of the Treasury, &c. and making little or no headway. Mr. Wise has called the Administration to account for the bad success and alleged bad conduct and extravagant expenditures of the Florida War; and is endeavouring to have the investigations of last winter over again. This may be all right in its season, but not now. Relief to the Treasury, and if possible to the country, is the first duty of Congress; all other business may properly be postponed to the regular session.

P. S. We are compelled at the eleventh hour to omit our report of Monday's proceedings, including an abstract of Mr. Calhoun's speech on the Sub-Treasury bill. Mr. Calhoun took decided ground in favor of the 'divorce of Bank and State,' as the only stable and safe alternative if we are to have no National Bank. We shall endeavor to give a clear exhibit of Mr. C.'s views in our next. He had proposed an amendment to Mr. Wright's Sub-Treasury bill, which has been accepted by the latter; and on Wednesday the project bade fair to be carried through the Senate. Mr. Niles of Conn. concluded a speech of two hours in its favor, and Mr. Smith of Indiana obtained the floor and was to follow in reply on Thursday.

In the House all the bills which on Monday passed the Senate were reported by Mr. Cambreleng from the Committee of Ways and Means—that authorizing the issue of Treasury Notes with an amendment increasing the amount to ten and a half millions. The Florida War was again the subject of a fiery partisan debate, in which Messrs. Wise, Holsey and Cushing participated. Mr. Pickens offered an amendment to the Deposite Instalment Bill, proposing that the postponement of the deposite with the States be to the 1st of January, 1839, instead of indefinite. The House adjourned without acting on this proposition.

Treasury Report.—(Conclusion of the article in our last.)—The last chapter of the Report is devoted to "Some General Causes and Remedies of the Present Embarrassments." We cannot esteem the observations under this head profound or pertinent. Every one has his theory with regard to the origin of our troubles; Mr. Woodbury assigns the excessive production of cotton as one of the chief causes of the revulsion. So, then, it is not 'over-speculating and under-ploughing,' as we have so often been told, but something contrary to this which has upset us. We do not concur with this view. The fall of cotton has doubtless been a prominent feature in the general disaster, so far as this country is concerned; but it is too direct and obvious a consequence of other troubles to be esteemed a cause. After all is said of the rapidly increased production, it is certain that the price might have been kept up to very near the average of last year if we could have maintained our foreign credit, and continued our purchases from England. By an absurd persistence in the policy of drawing specie from Europe, at the same time that we were in debt and running in debt there, we forced upon the Bank of England a curtailment of American credits, which knocked down all prices, destroyed all credits, and crushed trade and manufactures generally. This is the story much shorter and truer than the Secretary has told it. As to his last general cause—'an unnecessary and injudicious increase of Bank capital, discounts, and issues,'—there is doubtless some truth in it; but we do not see any clear proposition by the Secretary for preventing such over-banking. If twenty-six States are each to work its own will in the business, with no controlling power above the thousand Banks they may choose to create, we may preach for a century, and the evil will rather increase than diminish. The refusal of all paper by the Government would doubtless do much; but we do not understand the Secretary as advocating this; and if the Government be about to engage in the manufacture and issue of paper itself, we must doubt also the justice of such a measure. It seems to us to have just two courses before it—to deal only in coin and keep out of the paper business altogether, or to assume the guardianship and regulation of the Banking system by creating what shall answer to a National Bank. If Congress shall be found to concur in this view, and shall face the question as promptly as the President has done in his Message, we may begin to see daylight by this time next year.

The Yellow Fever at New Orleans raged alarmingly at our latest advices. The deaths ranged from fifty to a hundred per day. Foreigners and ignorant people should be warned that it is suicide to go there at present. A stranger can hardly escape or survive the attacks of the fever. And yet we know that thousands are setting their faces for that city of death, while old residents, who are now in this city, dare not venture upon such a step. We say, do not rush upon destruction; there can be no business until the plague is stayed. A few weeks will close its ravages.

State Direct Tax.—The Repeal of the October instalment of the surplus revenue will subject this State to a direct tax, and the people must prepare accordingly.

TENNESSEE ELECTION—OFFICIAL.

Districts.	Congress.		Governor.	
I. (Carter's)	W.B.Carter,	W. T.D.Arnold,	W. Cannon,	Armstrong
Jefferson	750	925	1361	261
Greene	1070	1311	583	1780
Cocke	368	573	520	279
Washington	983	767	744	1001
Carter	749	106	658	154
Johnson	337	74	303	83
Carter's maj. 501]	4257	3756		
II—(Bunch's.)	S. Bunch,	W. A.M'Clellan,	V.B.	
Hawkins	957	926	660	1274
Granger	496	874	955	376
Claiborne	539	409	903	272
Sullivan	264	1135	214	1294
Campbell	101	268	425	320
M'Clellan's maj. 1255]	2351	3612		
III—(Luke Lea's.)	J.Williams,	W. Anderson,	W.	
Anderson	450	239	450	183
Sevier	583	271	282	77
Blount	916	691	907	601
Monroe	1038	749	986	821
Knox	1334	703	1575	468
Williams's maj. 1668]	4321	2653		
IV—(Standefer's.)	J.Standefer,	W. Stone,	V.B.	
Roane	1119	319	957	475
Bradley	408	363	254	540
Marion	421	327	567	284
Hamilton	644	255		
Bledsoe	475	252	559	168
Meigs	373	221	368	230
Morgan	211	44	205	22
Rhea	317	115	203	223
McMinn	1142	685	944	908
Standefer's maj. 2439]	5110	2671		
V—(Forrester's.)	Coxe,	W. Turney,	V.B.	
Warren	590	1142	397	1283
Franklin	887	982	768	1096
White	1013	395	1045	412
Overton	346	595	369	590
Fentress	148	323	227	287
Turney's maj. 607*]	2840	3447		
VI—(Peyton's.)	Campbell,	W. Trousdale,	V.B.	
Smith	2394	565	2350	317
Sumner	735	1764	1077	1293
Jackson	1013	431	1369	301
Campbell's maj. 1382]	4142	2760		
VII—(Bell's.)	John Bell,	W. No opposition.		
Davidson	2102		1580	1295
Wilson	2537		2172	559
VIII—(Maury's.)	A.P.Maury,	W. Crockett,	V.B.	
Williamson	1776	693	1952	444
Rutherford	1267	1766	1880	634
Maury's maj. 584]	3043	2459		
IX—(Polk's.)	No opposition.	J.K.Polk,	V.B.	
Bedford		2024	1864	1576
Maury		2221	1668	1733
X—(Shields's.)	E.J.Shields,	W. Kincannon,	V.B.	
Giles	1474	766	1666	480
Lincoln	1100	1836	1196	1673
Lawrence	602	340	474	399
Hardin	516	319	683	132
Wayne	740	260	579	324
Shields's maj. 671]	4366	3495		
XI—(Johnson's.)	R.Cheatham,	W. C.Johnson,	V.B.	
Montgomery	1049	597	1007	432
Robertson	1173	553	1174	435
Stewart	554	509		
Hickman	218	938	331	669
Dickson	379	552	551	293
Benton and }	222	322	498	491
Humphreys }	227	260		
Cheatham's maj. 91]	3822	3731		
XII—(Huntsman's.)	Crockett,	W. Hughes,	W.	
Carroll	1142	263	762	518
Henry	1320	158	959	632
Gibson	1350	88	984	293
Haywood	884	130	458 maj.	
Madison	1005	247	1164	319
Weakley	574	439	551	495
Dyer	223	26	217	221
Obion	357	62	256	189
Crockett's maj. 5,472]	6885	1413		
XIII—(Dunlap's.)	C.H.Williams,	W. W.C.Dunlap,	V.B.	
Tipton	480	394	509	359
Henderson	1183	194	920	284
Perry	744	345	885	198
Hardeman	606	725	861	447
McNairy	732	501	509	359
Fayette	1051	774	1069	771
Shelby	564	545	716	399
Williams's maj 1882]	5360	3478	53,479	33,606

Three counties not heard from. Majority for Gov. Cannon 19,873.

* Mr. Peter Burum, a third candidate in this District, (politics unknown,) received 305 votes in Warren, and 156 in White.

U. S Steamboat Aground.—The steamboat Pearl, which went up the Upper Mississippi to examine preparatory to improving it, is aground on the Lower Rapids in 18 inches. As the river is falling rapidly, she will soon be high and dry, and must there remain till next season.

Twenty-Fifth Congress—Extra Session.

IN SENATE....THURSDAY, Sept. 14.

The bill to postpone the payment of the fourth instalment of the deposite to the States, being in order—

Mr. WEBSTER rose, and said that the importance of the present crisis, and the urgency of this occasion, were such as to lead him earnestly to desire that some measures of adequate relief might come from the quarter which alone had the power to effect anything, by the majority it commanded. Much as I differ from them, said Mr. W., I would be glad to accept any measure of substantial relief which they might bring forward. I think, sir, I see such a necessity for relief as never before, in my recollection, has existed in this country, and I regret to be obliged to say, that the measures proposed by the President, in his message to Congress, and reiterated by the Secretary of the Treasury, in his report to the same body, only regard one object, and are, in their tendency, only directed to one branch of partial relief. The evils, however, under which the community now suffers, said Mr. W., though related, and of the same family, are yet capable of distinct consideration. In the first place, there are the wants of the Treasury, arising from the stoppage of payments and the falling off of the revenue. This is an exigency requiring the consideration of Congress; it is an evil threatening to suspend the functions of at least one department of the Government unless it be remedied. Another, and a greater evil is, the prostration of credit, the interruption brought upon all business transactions, arising from the suspension of all the local banks throughout the country, with some few and trifling exceptions. Hence has proceeded a prostration of the local currency, and a serious obstruction and difficulty thrown in the way of buying and selling. A third want is, the want of an accredited paper medium, equal to specie, having equal credit over all parts of the country, capable of serving for the payment of debts and carrying on the internal business of the country throughout and between the different and distant sections of this great Union. These three evils, though they are co-existent and cognate in their being, cannot be met by the same measures of relief; if relief is given to the one, it does not follow that you will relieve the other; if you replenish the Treasury, and thus bring a remedy to that evil, this brings no relief to the disordered currency. And again, if the local currency is relieved, it does not supply the other want, namely, that of a universally-accredited medium.

It has, no doubt struck the country generally, that the most important objection to the message is, that it says nothing about relief to the country, directly and mainly; the whole amount of the proposition it contains, relates to the Government itself; the interest of the community is treated as collateral, incidental, and contingent. So in the communication made by the Secretary of the Treasury, the state of the currency, the condition in which the commerce and trade of the country now are, is not looked at as a prominent and material object. The Secretary's report, as well as the message itself, exclusively regards the interest of the Government, forgetting, or passing by the People. The outpourings of the Secretary, which are very considerable in quantity, are under seven heads, the exact number of the seven vials of which we read; but the contents of none of these is concocted or prepared in reference to the benefit of the community; all the medicine is intended for the Government Treasury, and there is none for the sickness and disease of society, except collaterally, remotely, and by-the-by. It is, however, to the credit of the President that he has given, in an unequivocal and intelligent manner, his reasons for not recommending a plan for the relief of the country, and they are that, according to his view, it is not within the constitutional province of Government. I confess, said Mr. W., this declaration is to me quite astounding, and I cannot but think that, when it comes to be considered, it will produce a shock upon the whole country. This avowed disregard of the public distress, upon the ground of alleged want of power; this exclusive concern for the interest of Government and revenue; this broad line of distinction now, for the first time, drawn between the interests of the Government and the interests of the People, must certainly present a new era in our politics. For one, said Mr. W., I consider Government as but a mere agency; it acts not for itself, but for the country; the whole end and design of its being is to promote the general interests of the community. Peculiar interests, selfish interests, exclusive regard for itself, are wholly incompatible with the objects of its institution, and convert it from its true character as an agency for the People, into a separate dominant power, with purposes and objects exclusively its own.

Holding, Mr. President, opinions on this subject, and being prepared to stand by and maintain them, I am certainly rejoiced at the clear shape which the question has at last assumed. Now, he that runs may read; there are none but can see what the question is: is there any duty incumbent on this Government to superintend the actual currency of the country? has it anything to do beyond the regulation of the gold and silver coin? In that state of mixed currency which existed when the Constitution was formed, and which has existed ever since, is it or is it not a part of the duty of the Government to exercise a supervisory care and concern over that which constitutes by far the greater part of that currency?

In other words, may this Government abandon to the States and to the local banks, without control or supervision, the unrestrained issue of paper for circulation, without any attempt on its own part to establish a paper medium which shall be equivalent to specie, and universally accredited all over the country? Or, Mr. President, to put the question in still other words, since the Government has the regulation of trade, not only between the United States and foriegn States, but between the several States themselves, has it nevertheless no power over that which is the most important and essential agent or instrument of trade, the actual circulating medium? Now, Mr. President, on these questions as already said, I entertain sentiments wholly different from those which the message expresses.

It is, said Mr. W., in my view, an imperative duty imposed upon this Government by the Constitution, to exercise a supervisory care and control over all that is in the country assuming the nature of a currency, whether it be metal or whether it be paper; all the coinage of the country is placed in the power of the Federal Government; no State, by its stamp, can give value to a brass farthing. The power to regulate trade and commerce between the United States and foreign or Indian nations, and also between the respective States themselves, is expressly conferred by the Constitution upon the General Government. Now, it is clear, that the power to regulate commerce between the States carries with it, not impliedly, but necessarily and directly, a full power of regulating the essential element of commerce, viz., the currency of the country, the money, which constitutes the life and soul of commerce. We live in an age when paper money is an essential element in all trade between the States; its use is inseparably connected with all commercial transactions. That it is so, is now evident, since by the suspension of those institutions from which this kind of money emanates, all business is, comparatively, at a stand. Now, sir, said Mr. W., what I maintain is simply this, that it surely is the duty of somebody to take care of the currency of the country: it is a duty imposed upon some power in this country, as is done in every other civilized nation in the world.

I repeat, sir, that it is the duty of some government or other to supervise the currency. Surely, if we have a paper medium in the country, it ought only to exist under the sanction and supervision of the Government of the country. Now, sir, if the General Government does not exercise this supervision, who else, I should like to know, is to do it? Who supposes that it belongs to any of the State Governments, for example, to provide for or regulate the currency between New Orleans and New York?

The idea has been thrown out that it is not the duty of the Government to make provision for domestic exchanges, and the practice of other Governments has been referred to; but I think, in this particular, a great mistake has been committed. It is certainly far otherwise in England: she provides for them most admirably, though by means not perhaps altogether in our power: she and other nations, however, provide for them, and it is plain and obvious that if we are to have a paper medium of general credit in this country, it must be under the sanction and supervision of the Government. Such a currency is itself a proper provision for exchanges. If there be a paper medium always equivalent to coin, and of equal credit in every part of the country, this itself becomes a most important instrument of exchange. Currency and exchange thus become united; in providing for one, Government provides for the other. If the Government will do its duty on the great subject of the currency, the mercantile and industrious classes will feel the benefit through all the operations of exchange. No doubt, some modes of establishing such a currency may be more favorable to exchange than others; but by whatever mode established, such a currency must be useful to a great extent. The question, therefore, comes to this, whether we are to have such a medium. I understand there are gentlemen who are opposed to all paper money, who would have no medium whatever in circulation but gold and silver; now this, at all events, is an intelligent proposition; but as to those who say that there may be a paper medium, and yet that there shall be no such medium universally receivable, and of general credit, however honest the purposes of such gentlemen may be, I cannot perceive the sanity of such views: I cannot comprehend the utility of their intentions; I can have no faith, sir, in any such systems. Now I would ask this plain question, whether any one imagines that all the duty of Government, in respect to the currency, is comprised in merely taking care that the gold and silver coin be not debased? If this be all its duty, that duty is performed, for there is no debasement of them, they are good and sound; if this is all the duty of Government, it has done its duty; but if Government is bound to regulate commerce and trade, and consequently, to exercise oversight and care over that which is the essential element of all the transactions of commerce, then Government has done nothing.

I shall not, however, said Mr. W., enter into this question to-day, nor perhaps on an early occasion; my opinions upon it are all well known, and I leave it with great confidence to the judgment of the country, only expressing my strong conviction that until the People do make up their minds, and cause the result of their conclusions to be carried into effect by their representatives, there will be nothing but agitation

and uncertainty, confusion and distress, in the commerce and trade of the country.

I shall now, continued Mr. W., confine myself to a few remarks on the bill before us, and not detain the Senate longer than will be strictly necessary to give a plain statement of my opinion.

This measure is proposed in order to provide for the wants of the Government. I agree that this is a necessary object, but the question is whether this bill is the proper mode of making such a provision. I do not think it is, though others may think differently: if this is indeed the best mode, I should wish to see it carried into execution, for relief is wanted, both by the Treasury and by the country—but first and chiefly by the country.

I do not say that by the law providing for this deposite, the States have any fixed right to it; I prefer to put the matter entirely on the footing of convenience and expediency; and when it is considered what expectations have been raised—that this money has even been already disposed of in advance by the several States for different purposes, such as Internal Improvements, Education, and other great objects—it becomes a question of expediency whether it would not be better to supply the wants of the Treasury by other means.

Another consideration of great importance in my view is this: There are already many disturbing causes in operation, agitating the transactions of society in all the various ramifications of business and commerce. Now, I would ask, sir, is it advisable, is it wise, is it even politic, to introduce, at such a time as this, another great disturbing cause, producing reversed action, altering the destiny of this money, overthrowing contracts now entered into, disappointing expectations raised, disturbing, unsettling, and deranging still more the already deranged business transactions of the whole country? I would ask, is it worth while to do this? I think not.

We are to consider that this money, according to the provisions of the existing law, is to go equally among all the states, and among all the people; and the wants of the Treasury must be supplied, if supplies be necessary, equally by all the people. It is not a question, therefore, whether some shall have money and others shall make up the deficiency! All partake in the distribution, and all will contribute to the supply. So that it is a mere question of convenience, and, in my opinion, it is decidedly the most convenient on all accounts that this instalment should follow its present destination, and the necessities of the Treasury be provided for by other means.

Again, if you pass the bill, what is it? It is a mere *brutum fulmen;* of itself it will not do any good if you do pass it. All admit there is no money, therefore the bill will give no relief to the Treasury. This bill, Mr. President, will not produce to the Secretary one dollar; he acknowledges himself that at all events it will not produce him any, for he says he wants other aid, and he has applied to Congress for an issue of some millions in Treasury notes. He gets the money, therefore, just as well without this bill as with it; the bill itself, then, is unnecessary, depriving the States of a sum which the Secretary cannot avail himself of, and which sum, notwithstanding this bill, he proposes to supply by the issue of Government notes.

He calls this collateral aid to the measure of postponement; but this evidently reverses the order of things, for the Treasury notes are his main reliance; to them only he looks for immediate relief, and this instalment now to be withheld is (as a productive source of revenue) only subsequent and collateral to the issue of the notes.

But now, sir, what sort of notes does the Secretary propose to issue? He proposes, sir, to issue Treasury notes of small denominations, down even as low as twenty dollars, not bearing interest, and redeemable at no fixed period; they are to be received in debts due to the Government, but are not otherwise to be paid until at some indefinite time there shall be a certain surplus in the Treasury beyond what the Secretary may think its wants require. Now, sir, this is plain, authentic, statutable paper money; it is exactly a new emission of the old Continental. If the Genius of the old Confederation were now to rise up in the midst of us, he could not furnish us from the abundant store of his recollection, with a more perfect model of paper money. It carries no interest, it has no fixed time of payment, it is to circulate as currency, and it is to circulate on the credit of Government alone, with no fixed period of redemption! If this be not paper money, pray, sir, what is it? And, sir, who expected this? Who expected that in the fifth year of the EXPERIMENT FOR REFORMING THE CURRENCY, and bringing it to an absolute gold and silver circulation, the Treasury department would be found recommending to us a regular emission of PAPER MONEY? This, sir, is quite new in the history of this Government; it belongs to that of the Confederation which has passed away.

Since 1789, although we had issued Treasury notes on sundry occasions, we had issued none like these; that is to say, we have issued none not bearing interest, intended for circulation, and with no fixed mode of redemption. I am glad, however, Mr. President, that the Committee have not adopted the Secretary's recommendation, and that they have recommended the issue of Treasury notes of a description more conformable to the practice of the Government.

I think (said Mr. W.) there are ways by which the deposites with the States might be paid by the funds in the banks; there are large sums on deposite in some of the States, and an arrangement might be made for the States to receive the notes of their own banks in the payment of this instalment, while the Treasury is at the same time relieved by its own measure, and all the inconvenience, disappointment, and disturbance which this bill will necessarily create, would be avoided. At any rate, the payment of this deposite could do no more than in some measure to increase the amount of Treasury notes necessary to be issued; it is a question of quantity merely. Much of the instalment, I believe, I might be paid by judicious arrangements, out of those funds now in the banks, which the Secretary cannot use for other purposes, so that the whole might be provided for, by no great augmentation of the proposed amount of Treasury notes. I am, therefore, of opinion that this instalment should not be withheld: 1st. Because the withholding of it will produce great inconvenience to the States and to the People. 2d. Because provision may be made for paying it without any large addition to the sum which it is proposed to raise, and which, at all events, must be raised for the uses of the Treasury.

In relation to the general subjects of the Message, there is one thing which I intended to have said, but have omitted; it is this: We have seen the declaration of the President, in which he says that he refrains from suggesting any specific plan for the regulation of the exchanges of the country, and for relieving mercantile embarrassments, or for interfering with the ordinary operations of foreign or domestic commerce; and that he does this from a conviction that such measures are not within the constitutional province of the General Government: and yet he has made a recommendation to Congress which appears to me to be very remarkable, and it is of a measure which he thinks may prove a salutary remedy against a depreciated paper currency. This measure is neither more nor less than a bankrupt law against corporations and other bankers.

Now, Mr. President, it is certainly true that the Constitution authorises Congress to establish uniform rules on the subject of bankruptcies; but it is equally true, and abundantly manifest that this power was not granted with any reference to currency questions. It is a general power—a power to make uniform rules on the subject. How is it possible that such a power can be fairly exercised be seizing on corporations and bankers, but excluding all the other usual subjects of bankrupt laws? Besides, do such laws ordinarily extend to corporations at all? But suppose they might be so extended, by a bankrupt law enacted for the usual purposes contemplated by such laws, how can a law be defended which embraces bankers alone? I should like to hear what the learned gentleman at the head of the Judiciary Committee, to whom the subject is referred, has to say upon it.

[We are obliged, by press of matter, to omit a portion of Mr. Webster's observations, as also a brief and pertinent rejoinder by Mr. Wright, in which he endeavors to convict Mr. Webster of error in regard to Treasury notes—an issue having been made in the last war. Mr. Webster, after replying to Mr. Wright, continues:]

During the last war there was great want of money, and a great disposition to use Treasury notes, and pass them as a medium of payment to the public creditors. But in the difficulties and embarrassments of a foreign war, things were done, which, in a day of peace and abundance, we should be slow to do. And one thing which we should be slow to do was, to propose by law that we should pay the public creditors any thing less in value than gold and silver, on the condition that the creditors would voluntarily take it. The Secretary had said that the protested checks now in circulation were only a little depreciated below the value of specie, and argues that these notes will be as good at least as the protested checks. But suppose these notes should be depreciated only a little below the value of silver, was it proposed that they should be offered to the public creditors, if they would receive them? What was meant when it was said that the officers of the Government may pay its creditors in Treasury notes, if they will voluntarily receive them? What was the alternative? Were the gold and silver held in one hand and the Treasury notes in the other? On the contrary, it was a sort of forced payment, not as good as was required by law. All knew there was no choice. The men who labored in the streets of this city, on the public works, or who furnished the bricks and stones, would come for their pay, and they would be offered Treasury notes, and asked if they were willing to take them. But would there be gold and silver in the other hand? No; nothing but the Treasury notes, and they would be asked if they were willing to take them; and then, if they should take them, that is called voluntary reception.

Now it is evident that in such a case the only choice is between Treasury notes on the one hand, and something worse, or nothing at all, on the other. No man can be supposed to receive voluntarily any thing of less value than that which he is legally entitled to. The reception of such inferior medium is always the result of force or necessity, either greater or smaller. Neither the justice or the dignity of the Government could ever allow of such a course. If Treasury notes were offered to the public creditor, there ought to be an actual choice afforded between them and the specie. And especially, with what an aspect could this Government offer such payment, at the very moment when with a stern countenance and iron hand it was demanding of its creditors metallic money for every dollar of its dues? Was it not now the law that no officer of the government should offer the public creditor any thing less in value than specie? Mr. W. thought, therefore, that the notes proposed by the Secretary were better than those proposed as a substitute by the Committee. He was in favor of that system which would put the public creditor in no such selection as between paper and nothing.

MR. BUCHANAN said he had often admired the dexterity with which the Senator from Massachusetts could extricate himself from a difficulty, in which, however, he was seldom involved. On such occasions he always made a skilful retreat. Feeling the respect which he (Mr. B.) did for his legal knowledge, he had received, as a matter of faith, his declaration that Treasury notes not bearing interest had never been issued under the present Constitution; and when he called up the ghost of the ancient Confederation to act as godfather of these Treasury notes, Mr. B. remained satisfied that he had made himself fully acquainted with the laws in relation to this subject. But scarcely had he taken his seat, when the act of 1815 laid the ghost which he had conjured up; and, by that it appeared that Congress had done the very thing which he had declared had not been done since the days of the Confederation. Thus much was due to the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. B., however, rejoiced that the Committee on Finance had proposed the issue of no notes not bearing interest.

In regard to this bill, a plain statement of facts would be the most conclusive argument which could be urged in its favor. He had voted for the deposite of June 1836, and upon a retrospect of all which had occurred since its passage, he had found no cause to repent of this vote. It was a choice of evils; and between the alternatives presented, he thought he had made the best choice. On the one side, after reserving five millions, nearly forty millions of dollars had accumulated in the deposite banks. This vast amount of money was used by them to increase the dividends of their stockholders, to expand extravagantly the paper circulation of the country, and to excite speculation to the greatest excess. On the other hand, strong objections existed against making the Federal Government an instrument for the purpose of collecting money that it might be deposited with the States. The precedent might in many respects be dangerous. But the money was on hand. It had been collected under existing laws. Placed in this situation, he thought it was more just, more safe, to place it in deposite with the States, that it might be used for the benefit of the People, than to suffer it to remain with the banks for the benefit of their stockholders, and to the injury of the country.

But does the deposite law, from first to last, contain one sentence, nay, does it contain one word which resembles a gift or a loan to the States? Is it not in terms a bare transfer of deposites from the banks to States? Under its provisions the faith of all the States is pledged for the safe keeping and repayment of their respective proportions of this money, whenever they shall be required by the Secretary of the Treasury, for the purpose of defraying the wants of Treasury. The mode and manner in which he shall call for it is expressly prescribed. Nay, more, the case has actually occurred. If the Treasury had pursued the line of strict duty under the law, he would, ere this, have called on the States for a portion of the three instalments which have already been paid. He has acted wisely in not making this demand until the pleasure of Congress could be known. The States are not now in a condition to return immediately any portion of what they have already received.

Under these circumstances, the question is, whether we are bound, upon any principle, to deposite with them the fourth instalment, when the Secretary of the Treasury, the very next day, might demand a return not only of it, but of the three other instalments, in the manner prescribed by the law.

The Senator from Massachusetts had not contended that we were bound by any contract to deposite this fourth instalment with the States. He has said, however, that if an individual, by his conduct, had induced a reasonable expectation that he would loan money to another, or give money to another, it might become his duty to borrow it, and pay interest for it, for either of those purposes. Mr. B. denied that the conduct of Congress was such as to afford any pretext for such an expectation. On the face of the act there was nothing but *deposite* written. Neither a loan nor a gift appeared upon it. It was a mere deposite, without interest, to be restored when demanded in the manner prescribed, and not a loan for any given period, much less an absolute gift. If the States, therefore, had entertained any such expectation, it was from the solemn contract into which they had entered with the United States under this law.

Mr. B. knew that several of the States had made appropriations of this money which would render it extremely inconvenient for them to return, at the present time, any portion of the money which they had already received. He did not believe that it ought to be demanded from them by the Secretary of the Treasury, without the special direction of Congress. Still this opinion was not founded upon any doubts which he entertained of their obligation to refund it.

Congress would not have been involved in these difficulties in regard to this subject, but for the unfortunate amendment which had been made to the deposite bill by the House of Representatives, which was acquiesced in by the Senate.—Had it not been for this amendment, we might now proceed and suffer the fourth instalment to be deposited with the States. The Secretary of the Treasury would then have received from them transferable certificates of deposite, in such convenient sums as he might have directed, bearing no interest until it became necessary for him to use them, but afterwards bearing an interest of five per cent, and redeemable at the pleasure of the States. At this very moment such certificates would command a premium in this market, and would be equal to gold and silver. The Treasury might have been replenished by their sale; and we might suffer the deposite law to take its course.

Mr. B. said, however much ingenuity might attempt to disguise this question, the result was that we must now determine whether we will borrow the amount of the fourth instalment, either in the form of Treasury notes, or by a direct loan, and pay interest upon it, in order that we may deposite it with the States for safe-keeping, and without interest.—This was the plain and simple proposition. It was the result of all the argument. What man, in his senses, ever contracted a debt in order that he might deposite the amount of it with his neighbor for safe-keeping? And is the Federal Government to be guilty of this absurdity? Are we, as the trustees of the United States, to manage their concerns so unwisely as to involve them in a debt, and collect taxes from them to pay it for any such purpose? However much the States might desire to receive this fourth instalment, and whatever attempts might be made to excite populace feeling upon this subject, he had full confidencence that his constituents would approve his vote upon this bill.

IN SENATE....TUESDAY, Sept. 19,1837.

Mr. Clay, of Alabama, laid on the table a resolution calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for certain information concerning the sales of the Public Lands.

The following bills were read a third time and passed.

A Bill to authorise the issuing of Treasury Notes.

A Bill to extend the time for the payment of Duty Bonds.

A Bill to adjust the remaining claims on the Deposite Banks.

MR. RIVES, pursuant to notice, rose to ask leave to introduce a bill to designate the character of the funds receivable for public revenue. This is a measure which had been recommended by the Executive, but was omitted in the report of the Committee on Finance. In reference to an exclusive currency of gold and silver, he denounced it as mischievous and fallacious, and calculated to postpone the resumption of specie payment. The Senators from South Carolina (Mr. Calhoun) and Missouri, (Mr. Benton) had yesterday submitted propositions which contemplated an entire revolution in the policy of the country. The Treasury order of the late Executive might have been wise at the time it was issued, but the continuance of it was repudiated by the whole country.

He referred to the bill which passed both Houses, arising out of that order, and its fate. He believed the voice of the country had sanctioned the provisions of that bill, which he desired now to renew, and re-offer to the Senate. The bill authorised the reception of notes of Banks issuing notes of no denomination below that specified, and providing against any discrimination. He had modified his proposition in one or two particulars; the most important of which was the entire prohibition of receivability of the notes of any Bank which had suspended, or might suspend specie payments, and did not resume them before a certain day.

He believed this measure would have a beneficial effect on the country, and would expedite the resumption of specie payments. He took a view of the paralyzed condition of our commerce, and the degraded state of the currency, which he compared to a human body in a state of suspended animation, the vital spark being still there, and requiring only the particular remedy to recall it into action. The great object of all should be to restore confidence. He referred to instances in England and even in New-York, where a single act of the Government was sufficient to restore confidence, even before it was carried into practical operation. He adverted to the message of the President, where it drew a parellel between the distress of the country and that of Great Britain. There was a striking difference between the situation of the one country and that of the other. In England the distress had not led to the suspension of specie payments, while here it led to that suspension. There was this difference. It was because the conduct of the British government invited confidence, while that of our Government repelled confidence.—The bill which he offered looked to the resumption of specie payments. He laid it down as demonstrable that if the measures which had been passed were carried through, there could be no resumption of specie payments. So long as gold and silver are at a premium, the Banks would not resume specie payments. Such must be the result of the measures proposed by the Senator from S. Carolina. The proposition of the Senator from Missouri imposed a positive penalty for the resumption of specie payments. He expatiated at length on the tendency of the course which the government is pursuing, not merely to separate the government from the banks, but to divorce the people from the government. He declared it to be his determination to stand by the people, and not to see one description of currency for the government, and another and that of a spurious kind for the people. He repudiated the idea of the President that the government has nothing to do with the currency of the country. He looked at the condition of the country in reference to the multiplication of banks as one which the framers of the Constitution never contemplated. He considered that in consequence of the change of its condition the views of the framers of the Constitution could not be carried out by the mere force of the Constitution, especially in reference to the regulation of the currency. He described the evils which are connected with the Banking system; and took the ground that the Banks derived their greatest profits from small notes, and that it is from over-issues of these small notes that the danger from the suspension of specie payments must come. He relied much more on public opinion than on banks to reform the currency; and he believed that public opinion would coerce government to a correct course of measures. He saw no difficulty in correcting the currency by the agency of State Banks. Unless these agents could be successfully employed in controlling the currency, the people will not be long satisfied without a national institution such as he most fervently deprecated. He denied that the project of State Banks had failed. It might as well be said on the explosion of a steamboat, that this great discovery of the age has turned out to be a failure. He went into a history of the experiment in the State Banks. He justified the removal of the deposites from the Bank of the United States and condemned the faithless and ambitious course of that institution. The conduct of the State Banks in this crisis, he lauded as deserving of all praise and all confidence. The Secretary of the Treasury had shown in his report that these banks could still sustain themselves. If the State Banks had failed, the new U.S. Bank had failed, and the hard money system had failed by the same test. He considered the fictitious and forced importation of specie into the country, disturbing the level of the currency, forced into the banks because it could not occupy the channels which are filled with small notes, as one of the causes of the existing evil. It induced these banks to issue three dollars in paper for every one thus forced into their vaults in specie. The treasury circular was also another of the great causes of the evil operating most injuriously, as soon as that became the permanent policy of the government. Its effect was to create a run on banks, displacing the precious metals, and thus having no small agency in introducing the present distress. He defended the Deposite Act as one of the wisest efforts of American Legislation; but thought there had been great error in the administration of that law by which the currency had been disturbed. As to the surplus revenue, he believed we should now hear no more of it, and we should consequently have no more deposite acts. As to the Treasury circular, it was for Congress to determine whether it should be the settled policy of the country. Whenever gentlemen could show him one republican authority for a sub-treasury scheme, he would show him hundreds of republican authorities in favor of state banks; and made some quotations from Jefferson to sustain him. He inferred the inadequacy of the sub-treasury system from the frequent difficulties which occurred in the settlement of the receivers of the public money and the Treasury.

He was not disposed to lay so heavy a trial on human infirmity as to deposite a sum of great magnitude in the hands of individuals. The bill which had been passed was but the germ of an immense machinery which would spread over the land. When he lived in France, he understood that under the sub-treasury system there, 100,000 persons were employed.—This was the grain of mustard seed, the smallest of all seeds which would grow up and be a large tree, whose branches would overshadow the land, and the birds of the air, he would not say the birds of prey, would take shelter therein. He had no doubt the system would ultimately become a bank of such a character as would provoke the people to call for a National Bank disconnected with the government.

Disclaiming any personal or pecuniary interest in any bank, owing nothing to any, owning no share in any, and having no friend who held any considerable interest in any, he called on the Senate and the country to credit the purity of his motives. He invoked gentlemen who desire a gold currency to unite with him to get that currency for all sums under twenty dollars before they went any further. He thought there was common ground in this bill on which all might stand and carry out their patriotic views.

Leave was then given to introduce the bill which was read a first time and ordered to a second reading.

Mr. Benton laid on the table statements made by the Treasury of the exports and imports of specie and the amount of coinage, which were ordered to be printed.

The Vice President laid before the Senate communications from the War department on the subject of fire arms, and an examination of Major Clarke's Foundry.

On motion of Mr. Hubbard, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of Executive business, after which the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Mr. Adams, of Mass., asked leave to offer a resolution, which was read, as follows:

Resolved, that the *power* of annexing the people of any independent foreign State to this Union is a power not delegated by the Constitution of the United States to their Congress, or to any Department of their Government, but reserved to the people.

Objections being made, Mr. A. moved the suspension of the rule, and asked the yeas and nays, which were refused, and the motion to suspend was rejected.

Many petitions were presented, all in relation to Texas or the currency.

Subsequently, the states having been called for resolutions Mr. Adams offered the above resolution, and it was, on his motion, laid on the table.

Mr. Taliaferro offered a resolution calling for information as to the quantity of different kinds of grain imported during last and present year; which was agreed to.

Mr. Patton offered a resolution calling upon the President for all the correspondence relative to the withdrawal of Gen. Scott from his command in Florida, and the subsequent Court Martial, &c; lies one day.

Mr. Wise offered a resolution, for the appointment of a select committee, by ballot, with power to send for persons and papers, to investigate the causes of the failures and delays of the Florida war.

After some debate, Mr. Wise so modified the resolution as to embrace an inquiry into the causes of the war, and to give the committee the power to sit during the recess. Before the subject was disposed of, on motion of Mr. Cambreleng, the House took up the orders of the day.

The bill to postpone the 4th instalment was again taken and Mr. Bell spoke against it for two hours.

Mr. McKim made a statement of the condition of the Treasury.

Mr. Bell said it was precisely the same with his own statement.

Mr. McKim said it came to the same thing, but the reasonings upon it were very different.

Mr. Pickens followed in support of the bill—prefering it to a loan which was the only alternative to it. Adj.

NEW-YORK BANKS.

The Albany Argus of the 18th inst. publishes the Report of the Bank Commissioners, from which is compiled the following aggregate statement of the condition of the Banks of the State of New-York on the 1st day of Sept. 1837:

Resources.	21 N. York city banks.	27 N. River & L. I. bks.	47 Country bank's.
Discounted bills and notes	$31,421,726	12,186,175	15,750,914
Other loans	3,686,715	615,062	439,697
Real Estate	944,993	396,201	463,010
Overdrafts	82,432	81,920	92,545
Expenses and personal estate	198,892	52,235	94,619
Bank Fund	355,550	107,048	161,250
Specie	1,782,164	516,079	449,399
Notes of other Banks	3,888,852	441,200	404,882
Cash items	404,670	470,301	274,698
Due from city banks	5,512,430	867,771	1,931,201
Due from other banks and corp	6,719,681	871,863	490,361
Other investments	2,845,463	625,653	331,989
Total resources	$57,973,091	17,240,501	20,893,655
Liabilities.			
Capital stock	$18,111,200	7,085,960	9,155,000
Circulation	5,492,349	2,446,120	5,801,840
Loans	2,552,300	311,481	419,636
Due Canal Fund	679,375	1,020,988	979,033
Due State Treasurer	328,760	385,119	490,353
Due U. S. Treasurer	586,647	9,949	132,675
Due individual depositors	11,890,085	1,851,383	1,393,500
Dividends unpaid	66,147	17,484	15,825
Due city banks	5,234,418	713,827	318,774
Due other banks and corp	6,745,151	1,745,115	390,563
Profits	3,407,874	1,425,346	1,705,040
Other liabilities	2,876,785	228,838	91,515
Total liabilities	$57,973,091	17,240,501	20,893,655

Total Resources of the 96 Banks.

Discounted bills and notes	$50,367,815
Other loans	4,941,278
Real estate	1,801,904
Overdrafts	256,897
Expenses and personal estate	275,458
Bank fund	623,857
Specie	2,747,642
Notes of other banks	4,734,934
Cash items	1,158,669
Due from city banks	8,311,492
Due from other banks and corporations	8,081,095
Other investments	3,803,105
Total Resources	$96,107,256

Total Liabilities.

Capital stock	$34,351,460
Circulation	13,740,318
Loans	3,283,407
Due Canal Fund	2,679,396
Due State Treasurer	1,204,432
Due U. S. Treasurer	728,571
Due individual depositors	1,534,967
Dividends unpaid	99,456
Due city banks	6,967,019
Due other banks and corporations	8,880,899
Profits	6,538,960
Other liabilities	3,199,140
Total liabilities	$96,107,256

More Counterfeiters.—David W. Judson, Caleb Wells, and Rufus Chedell, have been arrested at Buffalo last week for passing counterfeit money. The bills found in their possession were on the Lansingburg Bank, Commercial Bank of this city, United States Bank, Farmers and Mechanics' Bank of Philadelphia, and Bank of Albany.

NEW-YORK.

☞ Our patrons will have seen by the leading article in our last number that the price of this paper, for invincible reasons therein set forth, has been advanced to Three Dollars for the Folio and Four for the Quarto edition, to take effect from this date. All payments already made, however, will *of* course entitle the subscribers respectively to the paper at the former prices for the full term of such payment; all payments from present subscribers before the 1st of November may be made at the low rates also; and all persons who choose to send us their names (accompanied by the cash) as new subscribers prior to the 10th of October may likewise receive the paper at the old prices. We trust this notice is so explicit as to preclude any necessity for further explanation.

☞ Agents and patrons in debt to us! send us the sums due us immediately! Do not wait for a private opportunity; the mails will answer, and are at hand. Send us New-York State money if you can; U. S. Bank, New-Jersey, or New-England notes, we shall receive most gladly; but Ohio, Michigan, Southern, or even South-Western, rather than nothing. Do not attempt to palm off your worst trash upon us, but do the honorable thing. We have not sent you blank or brown sheets hitherto; we have labored hard that they should not even be barren ones. Deal fairly by us in turn. The notes of the new 'free banking' banks in Michigan we cannot sell at any rate; those of the old incorporated Banks will go at 7 to 10 per cent. discount. We shall cheerfully suffer that, if our Michigan friends can send us nothing better.

*** We shall continue to send our Quarto paper to a great number of those whose advance subscriptions expired with the last number, believing that they do desire it. Others, from whom we have received intimations of a desire to discontinue at the close of the volume, will find their wishes complied with. If any shall receive this number who do not wish to continue, we earnestly request them to re-endorse it to us, plainly marked "Discontinue—James Kirkwood, Rushville, Indiana," or whatever their name and location may be.—They cannot, surely, refuse a compliance with this request. And those who decide to encourage our undertaking for another year, and with the paper for Three Dollars, *must* forward the pay within the period prescribed.

*** Postmasters, Agents, or others, who can send us one or more copies of No. 9, (May 20,) No. 15, (July 1,) or No. 19, (July 29,) of our last Quarto Volume, just concluded, will do us a great favor by forwarding them at once. We need them to complete files already promised. If there be *any* numbers of our Quarto remaining in Post-Offices or the hands of those who do not want them, we shall be glad to have them.

We cannot supply the last Volume of our Quarto to any new subscribers, but shall be happy to forward the next to the largest possible number. We will supply missing Nos. to present subscribers as far as possible.

A Case for Amos Kendall.—Our partner now on a collecting tour through the River Counties writes us as follows: "Mr. G. R. Mulock, P. M. our subscriber at Pinchville, Orange Co. is a stevedore on the wharves at Newburgh, where he resides. [We omit what he says about finding him in a grog-shop.] He first denied all knowledge of the paper—next said he had not seen it for more than a year—but finally acknowledged the justice of our claim, and said it was out of his power to discharge it. I offered to take any thing, but he said he could not get credit any where to the amount of three dollars—liked the paper, and supposed it would not be discontinued until all arrearages were paid!! He continues to hold the office of Post-Master at Pinchville, though he cannot raise money enough to take him to the seat of his official duties; and if he could," [we omit what our associate says about his spending it in a grog-shop—that is a matter of opinion only, however strong the probability.] Mr. Kendall's hireling will please hand over.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The contributions of "Stella" are ever welcome.
"To a Friend" (Clarence) is accepted, and may appear in our next.
The stanzas—"From distant lands," &c. are declined.
The essay of "Q. P." will probably appear soon.
"To one unknown" (Ganymede) is filed for early insertion.
"To Mary" (W.G: W.) declined. "Lines to Morning" (R. R. S.) do.
"To a Canary Bird" (E. P. R.) will appear.
"The Hymeneas" (J.S.B.) is reluctantly declined. The author does not treat his subject with the requisite depth of feeling.
"The Unmeasured Vision" (J. D. S.) is immeasurably stupid.

"*Passages from the Diary of a late London Physician.*"—In transferring to our columns the *last* (as we are assured) of these extraordinary productions which will ever be given to the public, we make no apology for devoting so large a space to a single article, in opposition to a rule never departed from without strong reasons. But, in explanation of the late appearance of this thrilling tale in The New-Yorker, we beg leave to state that it was impossible to have concluded it in our last Quarto Volume, just completed; and we were therefore compelled to postpone it to this time, or run it into two different volumes, to the great inconvenience of our Quarto patrons, and at the risk of the imputation of paltry management to retain our subscribers who would otherwise have left us at the close of the volume.—Several of our widely circulating cotemporaries have therefore been enabled to anticipate us in this instance—a circumstance which we shall endeavor to render of infrequent occurrence.

The story itself will doubtless be perused in some form by nearly all the readers of this class of composition on the continent. In the powerful and harrowing delineation of guilt leading swiftly and surely to the lowest abyss of wretchedness, the author has never been exceeded. As pertaining to a state of society and manners happily almost unknown on this side the Atlantic, the moral is less forcible because the incidents are less consonant with the social condition here than elsewhere; and yet the general effect of its perusal cannot be otherwise than salutary. There can be no lessons more stern than those of Experience; and if the monitions of the preacher or the essayist be effectual in restraining from evil, then those of such writers as 'the Physician' cannot surely be in vain.

"*The Scourge of the Ocean; A Story of the Atlantic—By an Officer of the U. S. Navy.*"—And so Messrs. Carey & Hart have summoned the moral courage to publish an American novel! Shall we take it as a sign of better times, or a defiance of the worst? Be this as it may, we welcome any evidence of latent vitality or prospective energy in the book trade.

The work before us is a regular two-volume novel—patriotic and nautical—of which the hero is a young American midshipman in the English Navy; and the opening scene is laid in our own good city and harbor of New-York, just prior to the outbreak of the Revolution. (By the kindness of the author, we were favored with a chapter in advance, which appeared in The New-Yorker last winter.)

Frankly and faithfully, we do not admire this production. It has animation, character, and republican feeling; but the writer has permitted his minor personages to indulge too freely their taste for profanity, vulgarity and slang, to suit our ideas of propriety or win our approbation. He is a young man and may amend; and sincerely believing that the wide circulation of these volumes would not redound to his credit, we commend them to a speedy oblivion. (C. Shepard, 362 Broadway.)

Electro-Magnetism.—G. & C. Carvill & Co. 108 Broadway, have just published a "History of Davenport's Invention of the Application of Electro-Magnetism to Machinery; with Remarks on the same from the American Journal of Science and Arts, by Prof. Silliman; also, Extracts from other Public Journals, and information on Electricity, Galvanism, Electro-Magnetism, &c. by Mrs. Somerville." Pp. 94, 8vo. The work is judiciously compiled and collated, excellently got up, beautifully printed, and contains all the information that can be communicated in this compass by letter-press with regard to the wonderful science and the recent discoveries in relation to it from which so much is justly expected. We commend it to the consideration of those competent to appreciate the importance of the subject, and the magnificent results which are confidently anticipated.

Mr. Russell's Concert on Tuesday evening was fully and fashionably attended, and the singing superlative. Mr. R. was excellently supported by Messrs. Edwin, Brough, Sig. Gambati, Mrs. Watson and Miss Lewis. He himself gave nearly all the songs which he has rendered such favorites with our public in his best style, and was applauded to the echo. He has no rival among us.

Delmonico, the famous Italian *cuisinier*, whose establishment is known over the continent for its genuine French cookery, rare wines, and all the appliances of sumptuous living, gave a dinner to the corps Editorial on Wednesday, in honor of the opening of his new edifice on the site of that which was destroyed in the great fire. It was of course a most superb affair of its kind; and those who found time to attend it are in raptures. As our fate was otherwise, we can only say that his house is admirably designed and gorgeously furnished; all its appointments unexceptionable; and there is more wine in his cellar than ought to be drunk by his guests in a lifetime.—Col. King of the American presided at the dinner.

Life in New-York.—Yes, there are once more some faint symptoms of vitality in our bowed and broken-spirited city. Our hotels are about half full of strangers; but they are rather shy of goods, finding that it is utterly out of the power of our merchants to sell them on the former long credits.—Six months is the longest time now given, and that only to those who make clean books to begin with. Some sell for half cash, and half credit; some at four months, and a considerable number for cash only. Country merchants who bought to the tune of fifty thousand last year content themselves with ten thousand now, and dealers on a smaller scale in proportion; so that the real amount of trade is far less than would seem from a glance at the hotel books. It fact, the strangers now in town do more for our hotels and places of public amusement than for the mercantile interest. People abroad are wondering how four or five theatres, with museums, gardens, etc. are kept in operation if our city is so desolate; and well they might if the citizens supported them; but the case is otherwise. Even if it were true that five or six thousand out of a population of three hundred thousand were able by hook or by crook to raise the means of attending public amusements, it would by no means prove the non-existence of embarrassment and distress; but the fact that strangers can afford to come here and indulge in gaieties is still less indicative of plenty and prosperity.

The payment of the large balances due from the country to the city comes in amazingly slow, and country produce lingers unaccountably. Not ten thousand barrels of new flour have yet come down the Hudson, although it has uniformly commanded $9,50 and over. This is a great mistake in the holders of grain. Scarcely six weeks remain of canal navigation, and probably fifty thousand barrels will be stopped on their way down. If so, our winter stocks, must come in part from the South, and there will be a loss to somebody in the West of two or three dollars on a barrel. Will nothing rouse the merchants, millers, and forwarders of the Genesee country and Ohio to the importance of this matter?

We believe that there will be more trade this fall than is generally anticipated here, and that a great share of it will come in after the middle of October. We believe the amount of produce brought down will be greater than ever. Ohio has raised far more grain than in any preceding year; Michigan twice as much as ever before. A great portion of this must be exchanged for goods, or sold for the payment of debts; and in either event it comes to New-York inevitably.

The action of Congress in extending the credit on duty bonds has given great relief to the mercantile interest of this city, and will be felt in its consequences throughout the country. Every suit on a custom-house bond must have inevitably caused a hundred others, from the city upon the country, and from country merchants against their customers.—The issue of Treasury Notes will afford still further relief. If these could be increased to fifty millions, and issued in convenient denominations, they might answer most purposes of the notes of a National Bank.

FROM EUROPE.

The packet ship Garrick, Capt. Palmer, and the South America, Capt. Barstow, arrived here last Saturday, with Liverpool dates to the 18th inst. and London to the 15th.

The commercial intelligence is still cheering. Cotton fully maintained the advance before experienced, and large sales had been made. In all the manufacturing towns, trade was reviving from its extreme depression, and sales of goods were easily effected, though at low rates. The entire aspect of affairs is changed for the better, with every indication that the improvement is likely to be permanent.

Later From Europe.—By the arrival of the Natchez from Havre, the Philadelphia from Portsmouth, and the Pennsylvania from Liverpool, we have intelligence respectively to the 19th, 23d, and 24th ult. with London dates to the 23d.

The commercial news is most cheering. Cotton has advanced a shade further, and the business is enormous—the sales at Liverpool for the last week amounting to 47,900 bales!—two-thirds of it for actual consumption. Money is unusually plentiful in England, and commands but 3 per cent. which doubtless contributes to the advance of cotton. Business is improving in every department—no failures, and confidence quite restored. The crops are abundant. Stocks of all kinds are high, and American in demand.

The political news is less important. Another attempt is said to have been made on the life of Louis Philippe. The British Parliament convenes on the 7th of November. The troops of Don Carlos have been within three leagues of Madrid, but retreated before Espartero. It is said the Don intends to maintain his position in Castile. The plague rages with great violence at Salonica, Malta, and on all the coasts of the Levant. The cholera prevails throughout Italy, and has extended its ravages to Lyons and Vienna. Its ravages in Sicily and Naples continue unabated.

From the Liverpool Times, August 15.

The Elections.—The election returns from England, Wales and Scotland, are now complete; those from Ireland are nearly so; and after a very careful examination, we believe that the following may be relied upon as a correct statement of the comparative strength of the two great parties which have been contending for victory. It differs from the accounts in several of the London papers, but as it is the result of careful examination, we feel confident that it may be relied upon. There are not more than two or three members of whose sentiments any reasonable doubt can be entertained, and those we have placed on the Tory side of the account:

In the cities and boroughs of England and Wales the Reformers have returned 191 members, and the Tories 150; giving the former a majority of 41 votes.

In the counties of England and Wales the Tories have returned 110 members, and the Reformers only 49; thus giving the Tories a majority of 61 votes.

The total number of English members returned by the Tories is, therefore, 260, and that returned by the Reformers is 240; thus giving the Tories a majority of 20 votes amongst the 500 representatives of England and Wales.

In scotland the number of Reformers elected is 34, and of Tories 19; giving the Reformers a majority of 15 out of 53 votes, and reducing the Tory majority in the whole British representation to 5 votes.

In Ireland there are returned, up to the present time, (or sure of their election,) 66 Reformers, and 27 Tories; giving the Reformers a majority of 39 votes on the representation of Ireland, and of 34 in the representation of the three Kingdoms and the principality. There are no decisive returns yet

from the counties of Cork, Kerry, Longford, Queen's, Westmeath, and Sligo; but of the twelve members returned by those counties, there is reason to expect that at least eight will be reformers, and will give Ministers a majority of 43 on the representation of Ireland, and of 38 on the representation of the whole empire. Our own belief is that the majority will be 40, which is rather more than we ventured to anticipate last week.

Result of the Elections.—The elections are now so nearly completed that the final result may be prospectively stated thus:—Decided Reformers, 343; decided Tories, 307; doubtful, 8; total, 658. The majority of decided Reformers over decided Tories will, therefore, be *thirty-six*. Whenever the doubtfuls vote with Ministers, the majority of 36 will be increased to 44, as in such cases they are manifestly not only to be withdrawn from the Tory numbers, but to be added to the list of the supporters of Government. Whenever they are found voting against Ministers, it will of course reduce the Ministerial majority to 28. [Morning Chronicle.

Mr. Hume, as was expected, has been returned for the city of Kilkenny.

Lower Canada.—We learn from undoubted authority that the British Government have directed Lord Gosford the Governor General of Lower Canada, to pay the Civil List arrearages, in that Province, the amount of which has been accumulating for some years, in consequence of the refusal of the Provincial Parliament to make the necessary provision for the same. An officer from the Commissariat Department of Canada has arrived in this city for the purpose of obtaining the necessary funds, by the sale of Drafts on the British Government, at 30 days' sight. The amount we are told is quite considerable. [Courier & Enquirer.

Trial for Murder.—The trial of Diana Van Aller for the murder by poison of Jemima Hitchcock took place yesterday before the Oyer and Terminer, Judge Cowen presiding. The defence was conducted by H. P. Hunt and H. Z. Hayner, Esquires, assigned by the Court, and the prosecution by J. Koon, Esq. District Attorney. After a patient investigation of the evidence and hearing arguments of counsel, the case was committed to the Jury at a late hour last evening; but having been unable to agree upon a verdict, they were discharged by the Court. The prisoner has in consequence been committed to the jail for a second trial at the Oyer and Terminer to be held in this city in March next. [Troy Whig.

Melancholy Accident.—On Monday last, Cornelius C. Cole, Esq., an old and respectable inhabitant of Marbletown, in this county, was drowned in the Hudson river, a short distance from Kingston Point, by the upsetting of a sail boat, in which he was crossing to Rhinebeck. There were five persons on board of the boat, two men, a woman, and two children, all of whom were in imminent danger of meeting the same fate, but were finally rescued. The body of Mr. Cole has been since found. [Ulster Sentinel.

SONG.

Oh, fly with me, my lady-love! my island home is free, [thee;
And its flowers will bloom more sweetly still, when gazed upon by
Come, lady, come—the stars are bright in all their radiant power,
As if they gave their fairy light to guide thee to my bower.

Oh, fly with me! my little bark is waiting 'neath the steep,
And the midnight breeze is fresh and fair, to waft thee on the deep;
Tho' tempests blow, they should not raise thy fears nor scathe thy
For Love would hover o'er thee still, a halo in the storm. [form,

I've found for thee, my lady-love, the freshest flowing springs,
Whose cooling waters ever burst in crystal sparklings;
It is for thee my shaft shall wing the wild bird in the air,
Or strike the swift gazelle, to deck our mountain board, my fair.

'Tis thou canst bid my spirit throb with rapture's warmest sigh,
As gushing winds will make a lute-strings' sleeping melody;
When other hopes have faded, like the flowerets of the Spring,
Thou'lt be to me a joyous wreath, for ever blossoming.

Then, fly with me, my lady-love! my island home is free, [thee;
And its flowers will bloom more sweetly still, when gazed upon by
Come, lady, come—the stars are bright in all their radiant power,
As if they gave their fairy light to guide thee to my bower.

—Evening Star.

GREAT SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT FRIBOURG.

The town of Fribourg is built on the left bank of the Savine. Both sides of this small stream are very steep, and rise to the height of about two hundred and twenty feet above its bed, and travellers coming from Berne to Fribourg were formerly obliged to descend the hill in order to reach a small wooden bridge which crosses the river, and immediately after by a steep ascent of about 200 feet, to reach the top of the opposite bank before coming to the centre of the town. The passage through Fribourg thus occupied nearly an hour; but the case is changed since the erection of the new suspension bridge. These difficulties were long considered the unavoidable consequence of the local situation of the town, until some bold spirit conceived the idea of uniting, by means of a suspension bridge, the steep banks of the Savine. It was necessary that the bridge should pass over a great part of the town itself, and the scheme was considered completely Utopian; yet certain of the authorities and some active citizens determined to submit the measure to the consideration of engineers of different districts. Various designs were accordingly offered, and the Government of the Canton gave preference to that of M. Challey, of Lyons, whose plan has since been executed under his immediate superintendence.

The gateways at either end of the bridge are of doric architecture, and are about 65 feet high. The tops of their arches are about 42 feet above the road-way, and the arches have a span of twenty feet. The masonry of the gate is 46 feet in width, and its thickness is about 20 feet; and although the largest blocks of the hard limestone of Sura were employed in this word, iron cramps were used to complete the union, and 24 tons of iron were used for this purpose.

The width of the valley of the Savine at the point where the bridge is built, or in other words, the distance between the inner face work of the two gateways on either bank of the river, and consequently the span of the suspended roadway, is 871 feet. It may be easily conceived that a good deal of doubt was entertained as to the propriety of trusting to a span of so great extent, and the idea of suspending the bridge at the middle at first, occured to M. Challey as the best mode of forming the communication. On weighing the difficulty, however, of obtaining a solid foundation for a pier 220 feet in height, in the bottom of an alluvial valley, he soon relinquished this idea; and the bridge has therefore been constructed with *a single span of* 871 *feet.*

Prince Blucher.—In the principal square of Berlin there is a colossal bronze statute of Prince Blucher—or Marshal Forward, as the Russians love to call him. The figure is bold, and the countenance expresses much energy of character; and, while surveying the bronze mustachios, I was amusingly reminded of an anecdote related of the warrior when in London, with the allied sovereigns. Being in a crowded fashionable saloon, and inconveniently pressed on by ladies, all anxious to shake the hand of the lion of his day, the marshal attempted a diversion in his own favor by kissing his fair assailants—no way doubting that this would cause them to retreat. His views, however, in this second '*Belle Alliance,*' were not destined to be realized. The ruse proved unsuccessful: and it was quaintly remarked that the prince had never been farther wrong in his tactics, and the ladies proved less averse to his military salute than he had anticipated.

'MAY YOU DIE AMONG YOUR KINDRED.'

Is the happy haunts of childhood,
Where, unheeding ills to come,
Thy light step among the wildwood
Sought the squirrel's tangled home;
Where returning oft at sunset
From thy happy hour of play,
Searching out the first spring violet
That along the meadow lay;

Where the forest streamlet gushing
Gladly through some well-known dell,
On its banks the wild rose blushing
Lured thee to its fragrant cell;
Where the eyes of love around thee
Lit the happy hearth of home,
Chaining hidden links that bound thee
Wheresoe'er thy step might roam:

Pray that there thy last reclining
After youth's wild dream may be,
That when low thy star is shining
Holy love may pillow thee!
Pray that ne'er the stranger's feeling
May be thine to chill the heart,
But at home's sweet altar kneeling,
Life and thee may gently part.
Wild and fitful is the dreaming
On the couch of suffering known,
Where no kindred eyes are beaming,
Telling thou art not alone;
Dreary is the hour of waking,
Nothing near to soothe or bless,
When the fevered brain is aching
With its very loneliness.

Flowers their fragrance may be breathing
'Neath a fair and foreign sky,
And the vine's rich clusters wreathing,
Dazzle with their golden dye:
But the *snows* of home are dearer,
Over ocean's misty foam;
Oh, there's nothing nothing nearer
To the heart that sighs for home.

Extraordinary Twins.—Le Morgenstjerne, a Swedish journal, contains an account of a natural phenomenon more extraordinary than that of the Siamese Twins. In the small village of Belodin, twe lve years ago, two male twins were born, joined together back to back, and placed in such a position that when one stood up he was obliged to carry his brother on his back, his legs above, his head below; in this position they could change alternately. The children were both perfectly formed, and their growth has been equal, which gives rise to the idea that their adherence is neither organic nor so firm but they may be separated; this, at least, is the opinion of the medical men who have visited them. What is curious is, that they change their positions with great regularity: when one is fatigued, he utters a faint cry, and the change of position, or jump, takes place immediately. This happens every quarter of an hour, with such precision that the number of turns they make serves as a sort of clock to their parents. About a year ago, while they were playing, they executed a number of evolutions, or somersets, in such a way that they went over a great deal of ground with much rapidity; and since this discovery, they have been employed as messengers, as they are able to reach any spot with greater rapidity than a horse. The somerset is similar to that executed by clowns who throw themselves over with their hands and feet; the only difference is, that the movement is perfectly natural to the twins. In the country, they are called the brothers fustiva—(four-footed brothers.)

ADDRESS:

Spoken by Mr. Blake at the Opening of the Olympic Theatre.

WRITTEN BY E. BURKE FISHER.

We hail the light! the light that earliest shone
O'er domes with moss and ivy now oe'rgrown;
Which o'er *created* Greece in glory broke,
(While primal darkness quailed beneath its strake,)
Gilt with its beams th' Ægean's mirror bright,
And shone resplendent from Olympus' height;
Then Art upreared her temples to the sky,
Then gleamed thy mellowed light, Philosophy!
'Till Learning's tones through every hamlet breathed,
Fair Poesy her fadeless garland wreathed;
And Intellect her daring wing unfurled,
To soar exulting o'er a raptured world.

'Mid scenes like these to life the Drama sprung,
Fire in her soul and music on her tongue;
Chased from the mind its real woes away,
And flashed thereon Illusion's brightening ray;
Bid iron Care before her smile depart,
And poured Joy's waters on the thirsty heart—
Lent charms to Language, eloquence to Song,
Till waked to ecstasy th' admiring throng!
Humor, to woo us from each leaden trance—
And Wit, to light with smiles each countenance;
Till 'neath her feet their tribute wreaths were strown,
Her joys they shared, her smiles were all their own,
And Greece, from Hellas' tide to border wave,
Though sternly free was yet the Drama's slave.

Proudly she rose—the cynosure of Mind—
Nor left she aught in her high course behind;
Skyward careering, still the Drama soared,
And wide o'er earth a quickening radiance poured;
Till spire and column marked the reign of Art
And soft Refinement ruled the swelling heart;
Till Man's free soul, exulting spurned the clod,
And felt the spell which woos it up to God!

Her voice was heard within the mimic bowers,
Where Comus' votaries led the laughing hours,
And many an eye which Grief had rudely wrung,
Flashed Joy's own sunbeams, when Thalia sung;
While bright-eyed Mirth joined Pleasure's jocund train,
And danced in keeping to the musal strain;
Or laughed with Thespis, till the wondering throng,
Bound by the thrall of Satire, Wit, and Song,
Caught from the Actor all the Poet's fire,
And blessed the sway they felt but to admire;
While to their fixed and fervid gaze was shown
Two brighter worlds—the Drama's and their own!

Friends of the Stage, the laughing Muse is ours,
And bids you welcome from her throne of flowers.
She bids you hail! Not in the pensive mood,
Which palls the soul with deeds of guilt and blood.
Hers is the power, the balmy power of Art,
To soothe the passions, and improve the heart;
She smiling waits to charm you with her skill,
And make her power subservient to your will.
And when all other *notes*, prove little worth,
To give you hers *endorsed* and *signed* by Mirth,
Throw wide her *vaults* and with a liberal hand,
What the *bills* call for, *pay upon demand*,
Present your claim, she'll surely pay the debt—
No pressure here will vex or vex regret.
She courts a *run*, if we in turn may *draw*,
Your *check* her guide, your smile or frown her law.
True! these are times of dark and dire portent,
And money brings a Shylock-like per cent.;
Nay, it is said the Olympic may not hope,
With times like these successfully to cope.

Friends of the Drama! pointing skyward now,
We ask a wreath to deck the Drama's brow.
Let then no ivy with Joy's laurel twine,
No dregs of sorrow mingle with Mirth's wine—
We bid you here to laugh, and not to weep;
To wake your mirth, and hush your cares to sleep;—
This will we do, and trust your smiles to win,
We will *pay out*, so long as you *pay in*.

Married,

On the 14th inst. by Rev. Dr. Varela, at the Church of the Transfiguration, and afterwards at St. Thomas's Church by Rev. Dr. Hawkes, J. J. F. Abreo of Madeira, to Cornelia M. Close of this city.

Same day, at Friends' Meeting-House in Hester-street, Eli Elliott to Sarah P. Underhill.

At Providence, R. I. on the 14th inst. Thomas Stringer, Esq. of Mobile, to Francis Bullard of the former place.

Died,

In this city, on the 14th inst. Laura Ann, daughter of George T. Hodges of Rutland, Vt. aged 20 years.

Also, Mrs. Marshall, 85.

On the 15th, Mary, widow of the late Frederick Rhinelander, 95.

Also, Dr. Leader Dam, 45.

On Sunday, Adelaide Joanna, wife of A. B. McDonald, 37.

Also, Daniel Byrne, printer, 39.

On Monday, Adeline A. daughter of G. L. Demarest, 1 year.

Also, Caroline, daughter of Rev. William A. Curtis, 6 months.

On Tuesday, John F. Angevine, 23.

Also, Patrick McGlanchey.

At Brooklyn, on Saturday last, Mary Ellmore, 22.

At Dudley, Mass. on the 11th inst. Major Lemuel Healy, a soldier of the Revolution—77.

At New-Orleans, on the 3d inst. William M. Carter, jr. formerly of this city—23. On the 6th, Wm. K. Prettyman of Philadelphia. On the 7th, George W. Stetson of Maine, 21.

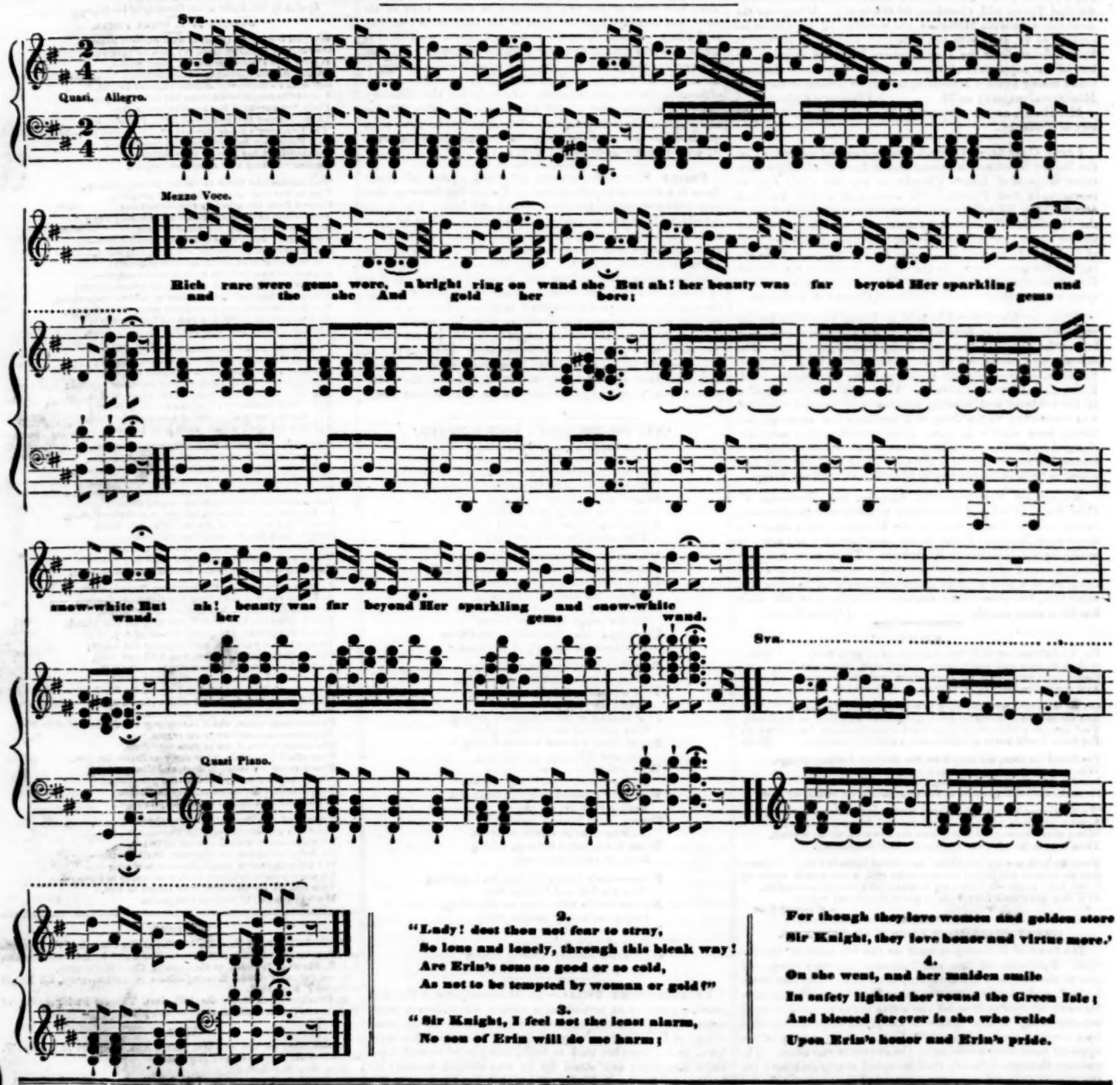
[ORIGINAL.]

"RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE."

THE WORDS BY THOMAS MOORE;—THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY W. FREDERICK GOULD.

DEDICATED TO MISS AMELIA OSBORN, HOMER, N. Y.

[This ballad is founded upon an anecdote related by Warner, in his history of Ireland, who states that the Irish people were inspired with such a spirit of honor, virtue, and religion, by the great and good example of BRIEN, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey, alone, from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, on the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of the people, that no attempt was made on her honor, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels.]



2.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lonely, through this bleak way!
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

3.

"Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will do me harm;
For though they love women and golden store
Sir Knight, they love honor and virtue more.'

4.

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
And blessed for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honor and Erin's pride.

STANZAS.

AND thou art here no more! a light hath faded
That shed its influence o'er the sunny past;
A fearful dimness being's path hath shaded,
And the bright sun of life is overcast.

Hopes that were brightest all too soon have perished,
Quench'd is the flame that kindled in thy breast;
And the deep love which thou hast fondly cherished
May light thy heart no more—thou art at rest.

Yet would we mourn thee not: thou hast departed,
Ere Time hath left one furrow on thy cheek;
Nor the big tears have to thy eyelids started
Which the dark depths of sorrow sadly speak.

Bright was thy morning, all too soon o'erclouded,
Thornless the pathway which thy footsteps press'd;
Fair was thy form, now by the cold earth shrouded,
Yet would we mourn thee not, thou spirit blest!

Thou didst depart ere Time's unhallowed fingers
Had left upon thy brow the deeds of shame,
Or the foul fiend that o'er our pathway lingers
Breathed out his mildew blight upon thy name.

We would not mourn for thee, unfettered spirit,
Though dark and cheerless is the silent tomb;
Blest is the kingdom which thou dost inherit,
And heaven's bright ray shall light thee thro' the gloom

—Tioga Phenix. M. E. J.